

THE LADY'S OWN PAPER



News of the Week, Music, Fashions, Novelles, Domestic Varieties, &c.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

[THE RIGHT OF TRANSLATION IS RESERVED.]

No. 66.—NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1868.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.
Post free, 3s. 3d. per Quarter.]

MRS. CHARLES KEAN.

No apology is necessary in presenting to our readers a portrait of the distinguished actress whose name stands at the head of this article, and though we would fain have been prompted to do so by happier circumstances than those which have but recently concentrated the attention of the nation on the bereaved lady, and evoked general and heartfelt sympathy on her behalf, we could not let the opportunity pass for doing honour to one who, by her virtues no less than her talents, has added great lustre to Art in its highest dramatic representations. If the stage had always possessed many such as her, the finger of calumny and scorn could but seldom have been pointed against it; and instead of its members being treated coldly in polite society, and their existence all but ignored in the higher walks of domestic life, they would have been welcomed side by side with the members of any other of the higher professions—with the artist and the sculptor.

The fame of Mrs. Kean in her public life is so closely connected with that of her late lamented husband, that we can scarcely speak of the one without referring pointedly to the other. It was at a time when English audiences had hardly learnt to appreciate the talents of the young man who was destined to win of dramatic art, that Mrs. Kean, then Miss Ellen Tree, became intimately associated with him; in his labours, in March, 1833, the great Edmund Kean, then grown old and infirm in his profession, consented to play with his son at Covent Garden for one night; and the noble evening of that memorable matters of history—how a full audience assembled to see the son play Iago to his father's Othello. Miss Ellen Tree performing Desdemona; how the elder Kean was very weak, and played with difficulty till near the end of the third act, when, on concluding his celebrated farewell, he stopped short and almost fell into his son's arms; and how he was led from the stage never again to enter it. But from that time the success of his tour was determined; and his onward course was marked by successive and well-won triumphs. In several of his tours, Miss Tree formed one of his company; and it was on the 29th of January, 1842, while at Dublin, in the course of a professional visit, that Mr. Kean married the



MRS. CHARLES KEAN.

[From a Photograph Published by T. H. Lacy, 89, Strand.]

popular actress who was to prove so able a fellow-worker with him in all his subsequent professional undertakings. Especially in the Shakespearean revivals that have added so bright a lustre to his name as a true artist possessing lofty ideas of the importance of the Drama, was he ably seconded by the talented lady whom he could henceforth claim by the dear name of wife.

After fulfilling many brilliant engagements in the metropolis and in the provinces, Mrs. Kean left England with her husband in 1863 on a tour round the world, in the course of which they visited California, Australia, the United States, Panama, Jamaica, Cuba, Canada, and

penetrated as far north as Vancouver's Island, performing in all those places, and experiencing the most triumphant reception, their share of the receipts for a six months' campaign in Australia having reached £11,000. On their return to England in 1866, they commenced a series of successes in London and the provinces, which were suddenly terminated early in last year by the serious attack of illness which prostrated the great tragedian, and which, after so far abating as to give his numerous friends and admirers the most sanguine hope of his speedy restoration to health and the profession he so much adorned, unhappily proved fatal, depriving his wife of a devoted husband and the Drama of one of its greatest ornaments. As we need scarcely remind our readers, Mr. Charles Kean expired on the 22nd of last month, at the age of fifty-seven only—but what years of honest toil, immense diligence, and mental labour they had been! Such a life is surely not to be estimated by the figures on a dial; and his widow has the proud satisfaction of knowing that her husband's name will be honoured as long as the stage shall last.

Born early in the century, Miss E. Tree was the daughter of a gentleman who held an appointment in the old East India House. She first appeared in public at Covent Garden, in the character of Olivia, in "Twelfth Night," for the benefit of her sister, Miss M. Tree, who, in 1825, married Mr. Bradshaw, some time Member for Canterbury, and then retired from professional life. Having performed in Edinburgh and Bath, Miss Tree was engaged at Drury Lane, her first part being Violante, in the "Wonder." In 1829, she transferred her services to Covent Garden, first taking the character of Lady Townley, in the "Provoked Husband." Subsequently, for the benefit of Miss Fanny Kemble, she played Romeo to that lady's Juliet, and achieved so marked a success that she was entrusted to represent the heroine in Miss Kemble's play of "Francis I." It is unnecessary to follow her through the whole of her onward career; suffice it to state that she was the original Mariana, in Sheridan Knowles's play of "The Wife"; the original Myra in Lord Byron's play of "Sardanapalus"; the original Countess in Sheridan Knowles's play of "Love"; and won unflinching laurels with Shakespeare's "Rosalind and Viola," and with Talfourd's "Ion."

The Queen's sympathising letter to Mrs. Kean is of so recent a date that it is needless further to refer to it.

The Ladies' Parliament.

Temps.—1880.

ON THE LADY SPEAKER taking the chair precisely at three, the House had a very brilliant appearance; nearly every available seat was occupied, the colours of the various dresses of the Hon. Members beautifully harmonising, and presenting to the visitors in the Strangers' Gallery, which was also crowded, a most animated and memorable spectacle. It was evident, from the hushed attention and eager expression of countenance that marked the rising of the Hon. Lady who was to open the question before the House, that great interest was taken in the subject, and that a debate of more than ordinary interest was to be expected.

The Hon. Representative of DUBLIN: In rising to address the House on the subject introduced for its consideration by my Noble Friend on the left, I speak with a full conviction of the great importance of the question and the heavy responsibility that must rest on those who may perhaps—for the feeling of the House, so far as I can understand it, seems inclined to favour the proposition; the heavy responsibility, I repeat, that must rest upon those who may be instrumental in re-constructing the existing law—"Hear" from the Member for Westminster—and introducing a system that those who seek to follow closely under all circumstances the injunctions of the New Testament must look upon with serious disfavour and sorrow. If not perhaps forbidden in so many words—though I am not so sure that certain passages in the Gospels are not as clear as they need be on this point—words that will bear interpreting by the formal rules that counsel might judge them by, it is obvious to my mind, and that also of many others who approach the evidence with the reverence it demands, that marriage with a deceased sister's husband has been forbidden by Him whose teaching is paramount to all else in the mind of true Christians. I cannot, therefore, but urge the House to consider well, before it takes any decided steps in the matter, what its acts will signify if it legalise marriage with a deceased sister's husband.

Lady Exeter: I cannot but think, with all due respect to the judgment of the distinguished lady who has just resumed her seat, that she proceeds altogether on a mistaken assumption, when claiming for the present law the sanction of the New Testament. (Hear, hear.) Those who have studied most closely and critically the passages referred to, and who are most competent to judge of such matters, are, to say the least, divided in their opinion of the construction to be put upon them, and there are not a few, I am inclined to think the majority, who hold that they have no bearing whatever on the subject now under consideration. Some go even further, and urge—I think with reason—that such disputed passages form supporting the existing law, are decidedly opposed to it. (Hear, hear, and sensation.) It has already been advanced by members of this House, with what authority I know not, that "the law of England as it effects this part of the marriage question, works, and has worked for ages, exceedingly well," and again "the existing law has worked well for centuries." Now this is precisely what it has not done. (Laughter, and hear.) Marriage with a deceased sister's husband was virtually permitted in this country before 1835, the absolute prohibition of this marriage in England being a recent innovation, dating only from that year. No complaint was made of the previous operation of the law, and the Act was merely an unjustifiable compromise. (Hear, hear.) Again, such marriage was never prohibited by the laws of any country in the world before the fourth century of the Christian era; and none of the Six General Councils held between A.D. 325 and A.D. 680 condemned such marriage. It is true that during the first 500 years of the Christian era this marriage was forbidden by one provincial council, that of Eliberis, in Spain, but it is also true that this is the only instance on record, and, perhaps, rightly viewed, it tells rather in our favour than against us, for such council, composed of nineteen bishops, also forbade tapers to be lighted in cemeteries in the day-time, that the spirits of the saints might not be disturbed; required bishops, priests, and deacons to live apart from their wives, and enacted many other monstrous things. (Hear, hear.) Under these circumstances, I cannot but think that the evidence worth considering in the matter is altogether in favour of rendering marriage with a deceased sister's husband legal. (Applause.)

The Member for BIRMINGHAM: The Hon. Speakers who have preceded me, it seems to me, have entirely missed the real point—the pivot, if I may so express it, upon which the whole of the interest of the question hangs—to be considered in the discussion of this important question. The reason for which many good and noble ladies hesitate to give countenance to the proposition that would legalise the marriage with a deceased sister's husband is, that though the proposed alteration might in a very few exceptional cases prove advantageous, in the majority of instances it would probably be productive of nothing but uneasiness, suspicion, family bickerings, and domestic unhappiness. Who in time of domestic prosperity better adapted as an associate and *confidante* of the wife, than her own sisters; in days of sorrow and trial, who will advise her more tenderly; and when sickness or death comes—and sickness will come to every home—who will tend her with more unselfish devotion, or, if need be, relieve the weary watcher by the bedside of the suffering child? (Applause.) But would it be so—would the confidence exist, would there be a like peace of mind and implicit trust on either side, if the law sanctioned the marriage of the husband with the sister of a deceased wife; if the suspicion crossed the mind of the sufferer, as it often must do, that the frequent visits of the sister were but the means of drawing off the affections of her husband from herself, and if the sick-room thus became, as it were, changed into a place of courtship and rejoicing? (Hear, hear.) Thank heaven, however, there are thousands of husbands to whom such a temptation would never occur, but all, it seems to me, if I know anything of the world, are not

equally strong; and to many, I fear, the temptation would be great, and the more knowledge of such fact would undermine the confidence of sister in sister, wife in husband, and embitter homes where now a shadow of the kind never crosses the threshold. (Applause.)

After a few remarks, scarcely audible in the Reporters' Gallery, from the Hon. Representative for Cork, and a word or two from Lady Shaftesbury, further adjournment of the debate was decided on, and the House separated.

Gossip on Dinner Parties.

BY MRS. ALFRED WATNEY.

AND so, my dear Susan, you are "perplexed" about this dinner party. Ah, well! Sydney Smith, I rather think, said, "The end of everything is roast mutton." And most men, I imagine, consider the sum total of domestic happiness to consist in a dinner well dressed. This being the case, pray order your bill of fare according to the ability of your cook. I would prefer placing a saddle of good mutton, properly roasted, before my guests to half a dozen French or Italian compounds villainously cooked. The grand mistake so often made in middle-class society, especially country middle-class society, is aiming at too much—they either, when they have a dinner-party, load their table with fare substantial enough for their ploughmen, or else, aping a foreign style of arrangement, give their visitors *made dishes* uneatable, because they are made by a person entirely ignorant of her art. I am not going to give you a lecture, *a la* Lucullus, though I confess to some degree of admiration for the gentleman who introduced cherries (a fruit I am very partial to) into Italy; but I do most emphatically want to impress it on your mind that *economy* in all your arrangements can alone ensure success. For my own part, under the rose, I detest large dinner parties. I should, at home, like to have about half a dozen of my friends or acquaintances seated at a round table, where everybody can see everybody, and everybody talk to everybody, and last, not least, where everybody can see their dinner—this is, of course, not practicable in general society.

Your bill of fare must be arranged by yourself; but let me just give you a hint or two about your guests, your table decorations, and your servants: the wine (since you do not keep that useful and yet most exacting of domestics, a butler) will as naturally devolve on your "Jove" to

Mr. Swallow what's dinner-table of old Mrs. Drinkwater's last tea-party could be known in certain quarters. To ensure a dinner-table looking well, the damask, plate, and crystal must all be exquisitely nice of their kind. I do like "fine linen" spotlessly white, guiltless of crease or fold, good glass, and well-cleaned plate—also a pretty service. One cannot always command expensive china and richly chased silver, but good taste in the selection of less expensive articles will enable you to produce a very pretty effect; and then when the cook does her part well, you may rest assured that both the lords and ladies of creation present will approve. Women ever notice the general arrangement, more the culinary excellence of a dinner-party. Of the wines I venture not to speak—I do not presume to offer "Jove" a hint.

I admire, as I before told you, plants, if not too large, on the table. The Caladium argenteum, and Poinsettia pulcherrima are two special pets of mine; placed in silver or china vases they look charming.

It is a difficult matter in the country to select your guests suitably without giving some of the parties offence; I mean suitably as regards mental agreeable qualities, not rank. In town it is a totally different affair; there if you meet nice people you are satisfied, you take it for granted that all the persons you do meet at your host's house are in your own rank of life—you seek not to know who, or what they are, provided they are agreeable. Of course you do sometimes draw a blank, and you may have four dinner-parties a week without either of the guests at the one party ever hearing of the other festivities; not so in the country. There, local position has to be studied—Mrs. Blank is "disgusted" if you do not ask her to meet Lady Dash; the J.P. thinks he ought only to meet his brother beneficiaries; the Ex-master of Hounds, the present M.F.H., and so on. The heart-burnings, and discontent caused by want of tact in these arrangements are manifold. Defend me from such say I. The most enjoyable visiting in the country is Country House visiting. I like a small or large party staying in the Country House. I enjoy the cheerful breakfast, the scraps of news that circulate when the post bag has been opened—the ride to cover-side, or the drive to the meet, the lunch carried out to the sportsmen on the hillside, the billiard room on dull days, the early tea, when the men come home from shooting; the sociable dinner-table, and bright evening circle, not forgetting where there are children romps with the little folks, morning visits paid to the model fancy dairy, picnic parties to different places of interest in the neighbourhood, and last, but by no means least, kindly calls, on charitable thoughts intent, made at different cottages.

THE DRIFTING BOAT.

It had floated away from the beach and bay,

Out of sight of tower and town,

An empty and a battered boat;

But the boat would not go down.

The morning rose on the waters wide,

And the night fell cold and dark,

Yet ever on with the wind and tide

Drifted that battered bark.

The sail had passed from its broken mast,

And its painted pride was dim;

The salt sea-weed clung round its bows,

Which had been so sharp and trim.

Where were the merry masts and free

Who had gone with it aloft

We never learned; but the world's wide sea

Hath lives like that drifting boat—

Lives that in early storms have lost

Anchor and sail and oar,

And never, except on Lethe's shore,

Can come to moorings more,

Out of those loveless, trustless days

The hope and the heart have gone—

Good ships go down in the stormy sea,

But those empty boats drift on!

They had hearts to sail in the wind's eye once;

They had hands to reef and alter,

With a strength that would not stop to chance,

And a faith that knew no fear;

But the years were long and the storms were strong,

And the rainbow-flag was furled,

And they that launched for the skies have grown

But the drift-wood of the world.

select, decent, &c., &c., as the adornment of your flower and fruit-stands will on your maid Ponce and yourself.

You have no *Joanes*, but your parlour-maid waits well, and your housemaid also; so far good. Don't ask too many people—eight persons and your two selves will be the right number. These female servants will not be able to attend properly on more, and do pray avoid having any unaccustomed "help" in for the occasion. Such an absurd incident occurred a little time ago at a dinner party given by some would-be grand folks. Disdaining their neat-handed Mary, they pressed a stable-boy into their service, and having, as they fondly hoped, regularly instructed him in the duties of "waiting on company," had him in to officiate on the first occasion when they had "company" to be waited on.

I cannot enumerate the various ludicrous errors that took place, but the crowning point of all was, when, after having a vegetable dish at the elbow of the eldest son, who just then happened to be in the middle of an interesting conversation with his pretty neighbour, a rather fashionable girl, the "company" were electrified by a shout in broad Hampshire accent of "Hia a tatur, Charlie?" The bright youth had heard the young ladies of the family speak of their brother as "Charlie," and evidently considered that as his offer of a potato had been allowed to pass unheeded by Charlie, he was doing the correct thing to thus call his attention to the fact. The faces at table were a study, I am told, and this I can readily believe. I like to be waited on by women. They, when properly trained, are so *noiseless* (that is a grand point in waiting at table), so quick, so clean. I know one female servant whose waiting is perfection.

When people live in a country village, or near one, they very often fall into the habit of sending for the village waiter, there always is such a personage in a village, to assist, and then they wonder how gossip gets about. How it was possible for such-and-such a thing said by them at

It was a new Isaac Walton who said, "Every misery that I miss is a new misery," a saying worthy of the profoundest philosopher. It is only too true that misfortunes come to us on wings, but retire with a limping pace; and yet one-half the world are ready to meet calamities half-way, and indirectly to welcome them. There is scarcely an evil in life that we cannot double by pondering upon; a scratch will thus become a wound, and a slight illness even be made to end in death, by the breeding apprehensions of the sick, while, on the other hand, a mind accustomed to look on the bright side of all things, will repel the mildew and dampness of care by its genial sunshine. A cheerful heart paints the world as it sees it, like a sunny landscape; the morbid mind depicts it like a sterile wilderness.

FEATHER DANCES.—It is well known to persons that a loose and easy dress contributes much to give the sex the fine proportions of body that are observable in Grecian statues, and which serve as models to our artists, nature being too much disguised among us to afford any such. The Greeks knew nothing of those Gothic shackles, that multiplicity of ligatures and bandages with which our bodies are compressed. Their women were ignorant of the use of whalebone stays by which we distort their shape, instead of displaying it. This practice carried to so great an excess as it is in England, must in time degenerate the species, and is an instance of bad taste. Can it be a pleasant sight to behold a woman cut in two in the middle, as it were, like a waist? On the contrary, it is as shocking to the eye as it is painful to the imagination. A fine shape, like the limb, hath its due size and proportion, a diminution of which is certainly a defect. Such a deformity also would be shocking in a naked figure; wherefore, then, should it be esteemed a beauty in one that is dressed? Everything that confines and lays nature under a restraint is an instance of bad taste. This is as true in regard to the ornaments of the body as to the embellishments of the mind. Life, health, reason, and convenience ought to be taken first into consideration. Gracefulness cannot subsist without ease, delicacy is not debility; nor must a woman be sick in order to please.—*Rousseau.*

Drifting into Love.

CHAPTER I.

NELLIE RIVERS sat in her window at the Clearview House, watching the tide come in. She heard a footstep in the passage and a light tap, but before she could say "Come in!" the door opened and let in Ethel Lang, who walked into the little room with the same calm stateliness which she would have carried to drawing-room or court. There was no affectation about Ethel; the shallowest belle whose heart beat wild with envy of the "Lang air," must acknowledge that at least.

The little figure at the window started up with a quick gesture of welcome.

"You, Ethel? I am so glad!"

"Ethel stopped to kiss her on both cheeks, as if she had been a child. The two presented the contrast which may frequently be marked between dear friends. Nellie was slight and fair, and her light curls, touched by the mellow moonlight, gleamed like golden threads against Ethel's black braids."

"I thought I should find you here," said Ethel; "I just looked in at the drawing-room as I passed, but saw you nowhere."

"I came away an hour ago. I am so tired of the people downstairs sometimes. I was to-night. I am not brilliant, I know; but when gentlemen say stupid things to me, and want me to smile and be pleased, I feel like running away up here, to be alone with the sky and the water, and the great, sleepless eyes of the light-house yonder. Do you think it's quite so pleasant this summer as sometimes?"

"I don't know," said Ethel, absently, a strangely weary expression creeping over her face.

"Let me see," Nellie went on: "two years ago—Willis Hargrave was here then; and—why, Ethel, how pale you are! No! He is quite bright this evening. He has had a better day than usual. I came up here to tell you something, little Nell."

"What, Ethel?"

"Am going to be married next week—to Captain Weldon."

"Nellie threw up both hands.

"Oh, Ethel!" she exclaimed, when she had found her voice; "and you have kept it from me till now!"

"It is a very sudden decision; it was not a certainty until to-day."

"But you have known him such a very little time, Ethel!"

"I knew him when I was a little girl—have I never told you? His father was papa's oldest friend. They used to talk this over years ago, it seems, and Malcolm he came here, though I did not. He sails next Tuesday, you know, and papa's heart is set upon having it all over."

"Oh, Ethel!" he said to-day, "I shall never, married see you Malcolm Weldon's wife unless you are married before he goes away." Poor, dear papa! When I looked into his pale face, and saw how large and eager his eyes were, I could not refuse. So rested and happy as he seemed when it was all arranged! Everything will be done very quietly, of course, for papa could not endure excitement."

"How long will Captain Weldon be gone, Ethel?"

"Only one year this time."

"Oh, Ethel!" she cannot make it real! It is all like a dream, and you are so calm and quiet; just as if nothing were going to happen. Ethel, dear! forgive me! are you sure you love Captain Weldon quite enough?"

"Nellie," said Ethel, taking both her hands, "life is a very real thing to me. I am not romantic, like other girls, I think. There is no reason why I should not love Malcolm Weldon—that he is good and lovable I know. It would break my father's heart if I were to refuse him. Why should I?"

"Oh, I don't say you ought!" answered Nellie, quickly. "I did not mean that. You know your own heart, dear, mind what I said."

"They sat talking for half an hour longer, then Ethel said, 'Good-night!' and went to see that her father's room was comfortably arranged for the night."

CHAPTER II.

Mrs. LANG had been long dead, and Ethel had concentrated upon her father all the love and reverence which had become confirmed invalid, with strength visibly declining, the two clung to each other with a daily increasing tenacity of affection.

He greeted her with a bright smile.

"In bed already, papa?"

"I was a little tired, and Malcolm was here to help me. It was very pleasant to have a son as well as daughter," he said, with another smile. He drew her head down on the pillow, saying, wistfully, "You are happy, my darling?"

"If you are, papa."

"And I am so happy, dear! I shall not fear to leave you now," smoothing her hair tenderly. "You know with whom I could so gladly trust you as with Malcolm."

He comes of a grand stock, Ethel—sound fibre to the bone!"

He paused a moment, then he said: "You won't be lonely with me, Ethel, and Malcolm away? One year is not very long, dear."

"Oh, papa!" She wound her arms around him, a red spot glowing in her cheek, and her whole attitude an emblem of affection.

After all, this pale, calm girl could show all the world could tempt me away from you!"

The wedding day came, and the little group gathered in the invalid's chamber. Joy and sadness were strangely blended. Scarcely were the bridal congratulations spoken

before they were exchanged for farewells. The gallant sailor bent reverently to receive a last blessing from the lips that would never speak to him again, then he pressed his new-made bride in a parting embrace, and was away to the port whence next day's favouring breezes would waft him toward the tropical seas.

The flutter of excitement and gossip which the little episode occasioned in domestic circles ran its short course. "Where is Willis Hargrave?" said one of the last summer's boarders. "Gone abroad," answered some one who knew; "he has a fortunate appointment, and will make his way." "I thought they cared for each other," said another, ceasing suddenly as Mr. Lang came slowly down the stairs, leaning heavily on Ethel's arm, and took his accustomed easy-chair in the shady verandah.

So the days were on—the long days of the lingering summer, till the winds of approaching autumn warned them from the sea-shore. The homeward journey was sadly upon the invalid's little store of strength, and the winter brought on sore watching for Ethel. At the opening of the spring he died.

Ethel's first passionate grief subsided into settled melancholy, which, increasingly threatened her health. Her friends urged her to wait her husband's arrival at the accustomed summer resort. She refused at first to leave the home, now doubly consecrated by the last memories of the father she had loved so well, but yielded at last to repeated solicitations, and took up her abode at Clearview House, a shadow of her old self.

It was already August when the Storm Wind came safely into port. Captain Weldon telegraphed his arrival, hurried through so much of his business as could not be delayed, and took an early train for Clearview. He was not surprised to see no one awaiting him at the station, knowing that Ethel was not strong. Some mistake had been made about the baggage, and while he lingered to have it righted the various carriages picked up their night's freights and drove away. So he was forced to walk the half mile, carpet-bag in hand.

He passed up the long drive quite unnoticed for the confusion which organised itself about several newcomers, who had just been set down. He scanned eagerly the various groups in the porch as he came nearer, and quickened his pace with the anxious thought, "She must be ill: she would surely be looking for me!" Standing there, the centre of a welcoming circle, was a man who had been his fellow-traveller in the train, whom he had noticed for his handsome face and fascinating address.

"Really, Mr. Hargrave, this is a pleasure as great as unexpected!" and Hargrave, old fellow, you have been thriving, on my word!" they were saying, while the gentleman responded with an ease and heartiness very pleasant to see.

Suddenly Malcolm caught sight of a tall, slender figure in a mourning-dress, standing just within the shadow of the doorway. He started forward, but checked himself as the stranger gentleman turned towards the lady with a simultaneous glance, his whole face changed and radiant.

"Miss Lang; Ethel!" he said, holding out his hand, but some one at his elbow corrected him, laughing.

"Mrs. Weldon, Mr. Hargrave! Begging your pardon!"

None but Malcolm saw how, for an instant, the man shrank back with a sudden, shocked recoil, while the swift blood rushed to Ethel's very temples in a crimson tide—only a brief instant—then she answered his greeting with her own calm glance.

"Times change, and we in them," he said, with a forced laugh; and on the instant Ethel saw her husband standing in the path, and with a low cry fell forward in a swoon.

Malcolm caught her in his arms with a pain at his heart that whitened his very lips.

"She was not expecting you, Captain Weldon, and the surprise was too great," said Nellie Rivers, chafing her temples.

"She did not receive my telegram?"

"No; you sent one then? And she did not look for you so soon, or we should have watched the shipping lists more closely. You have had a quick passage. There! she is better now—hadn't you better take her to her room?"

Ethel opened her eyes, trying to smile. Malcolm gathered her up to his lips as he followed Nellie up the stairs. "Oh, Ethel! Ethel!" he said, in a voice in which love and yearning struggled with agony.

"You will never go away without me again—you will take me with you? Tell me that you will!" said Ethel, by-and-bye, when she could speak.

"Do you really wish it?" he answered, hesitatingly; "I fear you are not strong enough."

"Oh yes!" she said, with eager pleading; "I want to go away! I must go!"

"How is she?" asked Nellie Rivers, at the door.

"Better," answered Malcolm; "can you sit with her for a little while?"

Nellie came in, and Malcolm went down the back-stairway to avoid the people, and so out to the beach, lying bare and brown in the dim twilight. Back and forth he paced upon the sand, while the darkness deepened and the heavy moan of the swell throbbed in and out of the silences.

"And is this the end?" he thought. "The end of all my hopes by day and dreams by night—the inspiration that made me fearless in danger, the strong desire that would have annihilated space and time to bring her to my heart? Oh, my love! my love! Better I had gone down in mid-ocean than have come home to stand between her and one who might have been more dear!"

He grew calmer by degrees. He looked back to the few weeks of his hasty courtship, forcing himself to remember how quietly self-contained she had been—no tremulous lips, no tell-tale blushes answering to his tenderest words—graciously and kind always, no more. How could he have been so blind as to fancy that through all the years of separation since their early acquaintance he could have been to her what she had been to him!

To the plan of the hasty wedding she had not consented without hesitation. "For my father's sake," she had

said at last. "Oh, my dear old friend!" he thought in an agony; "when you gave me your best gift, and your blessing with it, we little questioned, you and I, what our selfishness might cost her filial heart!" He would cast no blame upon Ethel. Whatever power the presence of this stranger might have to disturb her peace she showed her wisely loyalty by her earnest wish to go away. He would take her with him then; not to weary her with protestation or caress, but to let her lack no watchful care or gentle courtesy which could be prompted by a love which only sought her happiness, claiming nothing for itself.

Meanwhile Ethel lay within with closed eyes, and Nellie thought she slept. Willis Hargrave could be nothing to the wife of Malcolm Weldon. "Duty, a servant, kept the key" of her heart, and yet, at his sudden coming, and without her will, that summer of three years before had lifted itself, mirage-like, out of the purple glamour of memory. The long walks on the pleasant country-side; the swift gallops along the beach, with the salt sea-breezes infusing new life into every nerve; the idle dropping down of white-winged sail boats over dimpling waters; glances that had been eloquent; words that had ventured near the treacherous boundary-line of friendship—all those had rushed before her, when she saw him start backward at the sound of her married name, and so disclose in that same swift moment the face of that other to whom even the allegiance of her inmost thought was pledged. She was too faithful to her vows to say, "It might have been!" The one controlling thought which she dared put in words, even to herself, was the wish to go away, anywhere, anywhere, by land or sea, only with her husband.

(To be concluded in our next.)

A FAREWELL.

God bless thy bonnie face,
Light of our dwelling-place!
God guard its gentle smile,
Spotless as now
And if life's shadows sweep
O'er its repose so deep—
God in His mercy keep
Stain from thy brow.

'Tis thine own loving will
Leads thee to roam—but still
Marvel not fear should ill
Homo fears for thee;
Soon our familiar name
Thou wilt no longer claim—
Yet is our love the same
Boundless and free.

How we shall miss thy face,
Light of our dwelling-place!
Home will have lost its grace
When thou art gone;
No sounds of youthful feet—
No voice in song so sweet—
No sunny smile to meet—
We shall be lone.

Farewell, beloved one!
Bright as the summer sun
That thy fair youth has known
May thy life be
Farewell, the tear-drop starts,
With thee our light departs,
Yet, from our heart of hearts,
Farewell to thee!

HELEN BURNABIE.

CHINESE WOMEN.—The wife and daughter of the Chinese farmer walk about the world with such feet as it has pleased God to give them; and very pretty feet and ankles they generally are. In fact, whatever want of beauty of feature may be among Chinese women, no one can deny them the merit of remarkably beautiful feet, ankles, hands, and arms. Of the rest of the figure one can judge but indifferently from their peculiar though not ungraceful costumes. In the country villages the young girls and matrons may be seen at their doors, or grouped together beneath the trees, or in the yard attached to the house, engaged in household or farm-occupation, laughing the while in merry chorus to their work. I have often from the back of the house looked over the low walls at such a group—but the result was rarely complimentary; for on some coy damsel suddenly catching sight of my Saxon face she would scream an alarm to the rest, who retreated to the house with a general screech. On reaching the threshold, however, they would generally stop to gape at the object of their fears, on finding him not pursuing with savage intent; or sometimes the respectable bearded patriarch would take them by the shoulders, and in spite of their affected resistance, push them all out again into the yard, calling jokingly to me at the same time, in some incomprehensible gibberish, probably, "as thou art up." I latter myself, however, that I was not sufficiently frightful to alarm them very much, were it not for the fact, and the whole village within call.—Three Years in China.

THE DEATH OF CROMWELL'S MOTHER.—In November, 1654, three years after the funeral of Iretton, Mistress Cromwell, the Protector's mother, was buried beside him among the kings. She was ninety-four years of age. She died on the 16th of November. A little before her death (we heard) she gave the Protector her blessing, saying, "The Lord cause His face to shine upon you, and comfort you in all your adversities, and enable you to do great things for the glory of your most high God, and to be a relief unto His people. My dear son, I leave my heart with thee. Good night!" She living well-nigh all these fifty-five years of his beside him, knew well that his life was but a struggle through a tedious march, and that he had been no triumphal procession, but a tedious march, and a battle-field being transferred from moors and hill-sides to palaces and Parliament-houses. At sound of a gun she was wont to tremble in that stately home at Whitehall, fearing lest some of the many plots of assassination had at last succeeded in proving to the assassins that killing her son was no murder. And once, at least, every day she craved to see him, if only to know that he lived. They laid her to rest reverently among the kings in Henry the Seventh's Chapel. And so the venerable presence of tearfully revered age passed from that English home, which during the years of the Commonwealth was at the head of all the houses of the land.—On Both Sides of the Sea.

A New and Original Language of Flowers.

No. I.—FAITH.

Snowdrop (*Galanthus Nivalis*).

WITHER also looks sore and dead,
The flow'rs of Faith peeps forth to view;
And graceful hangs her trembling head,
Riotous all with heav'nly dew.

Through shadows rife,
And cold and strife,
She suffers patiently,
And lives a life
Of spotless purity.

The chilling dews drift down the lea,
And rough winds shake the strongest oak,
But the fair Child of Chastity
Dies not, nor shrinks from any stroke.

To hear the howling wind,
Her bow'd head, lo!
In meekness lowlier bends,
And seems as though
It fear'd no gale God sends.

Her leaves, though dash'd upon the ground,
Rise stainless from the frigid floor;
The rain-drops, held as gems, surround
Those leaves the thorns have harass'd sore.
Then what can stain,
Or rend in twain,
Or 'whelm the tender flow'r?
See, wind and rain,
And thorns have not the pow'r!

Sweet nursing of a nurse severe,
Thy silvery petals dross-pearl'd,
Would warn me how, through life's career,
To keep unspotted from the world;
The chast'ning blows
This tried heart knows
Serenely to endure,
And in my woes
Be patient and keep pure.

PETER SPENSER.

Essays and Sketches.

LETTERS FROM A TOWN COUSIN.

COMMUNICATED BY SHIRLEY GERARD.

Author of "Letters from a Country Cousin," "A Dish of Peas."

LETTER XII.

MY DEAREST JULIA,—I am not in the very least in a writing humour, so if this, my last effusion from the retirement of the Home Farm is short, stupid, and unsatisfactory, pity and forgive your attached friend! You will soon have the happiness of seeing her in "proper person"—I can't spell the Latin, or whatever it is, and it sounds dreadful in English, but never mind—and of judging whether or not rustication, and the good behaviour enforced by having no *mischief* of enticing enough to make it worth the trouble of doing, has been beneficial to my looks and spirits! What a lot of long words! I hope they are all properly spelled!

And yet, now that the time has come, or is drawing near, for saying adieu to all these rural delights, I am sorry to go, and it is really very flattering to see how much sorrow my approaching departure has caused among the aborigines! I could not write dear Fred Guest's farewell speech to me the day of the wedding, but if you are very good, and admire his photograph, WHICH I HAVE GOT, sufficiently to please me—it is very like him—perhaps I shall tell it to you some day. And as to his little sisters! my dear, they *quaked* over me in the most touching manner, and presented me with their photographs, taken together, with arms entwined like the Fates, or the Graces—but I believe there are always three of those ladies! I have also got a very pretty little photograph of The How, with the family in attitudes before the hall-door—that is Mrs. G.—and the girls, for Fred is holding a favourite horse, and looks like a negro.

You will wonder why I have not begun about the wedding at once, but I am really so tired of it that I have not courage to plunge into a description. I have come to the conclusion that weddings are a mistake. I think if I ever make anyone happy, I shall just elope, and have my "things," as the maids call them, sent after me. I am sure any man with a grain of sense would like to escape the breakfast and the speeches, and the being obliged to see the "creature he adores"—who says that is some play?—kissed to death by all her relations before she is allowed to go away quietly with him! One comfort for him is that no one stares much at him in church, or anywhere; the poor bride gets all that.

I somehow, too, did not realise that Charlie was *actually* married until I saw him standing up beside Mary in church; it is too provoking that Aunt, who would *die* before she tried to catch a husband for one of her daughters, should have got the very nicest son-in-law to be found anywhere, for Charlie is nice, although he is my brother, without any trouble whatever, and the best of it is that Aunt and Uncle evidently don't think him *half* good enough for Mary. I was often ready to fly out at them—but what good would that have done?—and, poor people, they are so good-natured, I am quite fond of them, but I never will like old Hetty. And the Ashtons, too, are very so-so; he is downright vulgar, and she is too uninteresting to be anything! Just the sort of woman to do, whatever it is, I forget, with his beer, as somebody says, and to grow immensely stout and comfortable-looking, with an overwhelming family.

I suppose people would say I was very saucy, for Mr. Ashton is very rich, and gets prizes for his cows and things at cattle-shows; well, so does Fred Guest for that matter, but one is a gentleman and the other—Good gracious, but it made me savage to hear him call Charlie "Charlie"! If it had been even Arkwright, but Charlie! I am glad

Ashton Meadows—what a name! as if there was no house—is not near us.

My people came the day but one before the wedding. Papa is awfully bored I am sure, but of course he is too well-bred to show it, for you know he is just a little bit of a fine gentleman, even more so than dear Charlie—I feel as if I had lost my brother!—but not too much so to please me, and he and Uncle are as opposite as the poles. I am so glad it is summer, for there can be no sitting long after dinner. Mr. Ashton goes, with the table-cloth, to smoke a pipe nearly as big as himself in the farm-yard, and comes in then to tea redolent of both! Papa is so good-natured, pretending to take the greatest interest in all Uncle's prosy old plans for draining and settling, and he has actually taken my place at the backgammon board, and there they hammer away every night after tea, and I know Papa is longing for his cosy arm-chair and his reading lamp and novel. You see we are *really* doing at home what the other people do.

Mamma gets on better, for she and Aunt are very fond of one another, and you know they were brought up in a place more like the Farm than Papa's is, so that Mamma is quite at home, and old Hetty has quite brisled up, and broken out into a most distressing flood of reminiscences of "when she was a girl." I wonder when that interesting period really was? She was greatly subdued for a while after the wedding-day was fixed. Papa brought Mary such a lovely dressing-case, it is really the greatest beauty I ever saw, and, only fancy, was he not generous and thoughtful? There were fifty new sovereigns *smiling* at her from the jewel drawer when she opened it! Mamma gave her a very pretty pearl brooch and pendant for her neck. Selina was rather shabby only to send a glove-box and a fan; they cost a lot of money, to be sure, but they don't show for it.

My bonnet was a perfect gem! I never saw such a darling little cobweb in my life, and so becoming! I really looked bewitching, and so they all said, and wasn't it nice of poor dear old Tom? It was a present from him, and didn't Madame What's-her-name, Selina's milliner, make him pay for it! Well, one comfort about *him* is that his purse is as large as himself!

Mamma looked so nice and handsome the day of the wedding, I was quite proud of her. She wore a lovely French grey *noire*, trimmed with beautiful white lace, and such a bonnet!—white lace, too, trimmed with the most delicate shaded *peaches*—but perhaps you saw it? I forgot to tell you that when I saw my bonnet I got a panic that my dress was not half nice enough for it, so I wrote at once to Madame, and she sent me, the day but one after she got the order, the most delicious white grenadine muslin, with a mauve star upon it, exquisitely made, of course, and I wore it over white silk, and the bridesmaids looked quite *flat* beside me; however, every one took me for a bridesmaid, so it was all right. I know I was included in the *hush*.

Aunt wore her peach blossom, and it looked *dreadful* beside Mamma's gray, but I took care that she should not appear with the photograph brooch. I went into her room the evening before the wedding. I knew she was there, just to see if I could compass its destruction in any way, and there it was all ready in the pin cushion, so I took it up, and while I was *admiring* the likeness I gave the pin a dexterous little twist, and off it came! I was very sorry for my awkwardness, of course, and poor dear Aunt nearly cried! I think she fancied it was something like that luck of some place—don't you know?—and that when it was broken all the family would come to grief! (I have nearly forgotten all my poor little slang) but I comforted her, and made her happy by lending her that huge cameo Tom gave me when he was engaged, with somebody driving the horses of the sun upon it. Poor little Dashwood, how he used to laugh at the fore-legs of the horses all prancing up together so beautifully! She was quite delighted with it and in looked *ferocious* in her collar; but anything was better than the photograph.

About the wedding itself I have nothing new to tell. All weddings are alike, except that I never heard a bride and bridegroom speak out so well! I think Mary said, "*I do!*" I will, I am sure she *felt* it, and as to Charlie, you would think he had been married every day for the last twenty years, he was so cool, and his speech was very good, not too long, and we all cried; the two little Guest girls quite reddened their poor little noses, stupid little things! I took care to stop short of that catastrophe. Mary looked very pretty, a little *flushed*, but it gave her a nice *pink* colour, and made her eyes bright. The school-children were all dressed in white and they had baskets of flowers, which they scattered before the happy pair as they left the church, and Mary smiled at them, and patted one little thing's head, and I am sure soiled her glove. And all the old women of the parish were gathered in the church, and such blessing, and cursing, and pulling of one another by the sleeves as they had! It was the best possible fun to watch them.

Poor Aunt literally cried her eyes out, quite regardless of the peach blossom money. I am sure it is ruined! The breakfast was even a greater triumph than Cecilia's, but it seemed to give Aunt no pleasure; she seemed every moment catching Mary's eye, and then down would come another shower, and poor Molly would begin to whimper a little, but when she *whispered* Charlie *whispered*, and out came the sun again. Papa made a capital speech, and so did Mr. Guest; some allusion had been made to the prospect of his following Charlie's good example—you know the stout people talk at weddings—and he took no notice of it whatever, which looks suspicious, I think.

Papa has taken a wonderful fancy to him, calls him "That clever fellow Guest," and I should not be surprised if he asked him to come and stay with us. Captain Dundas was at the wedding—did I tell you he had been invited?—but he was not *nearly* so satisfactory as I expected, he was in the blues about something, and didn't seem struck as much as I intended him to be with my "got up," and I don't think I should have gone to the expense of that and new dress for him. Men are so ungrateful! We break our hearts trying to please them and they never say as much as "Thank you." But then society would be very

stupid without them; we must all admit that. Papa has not *regularly* asked him for the shooting, he just said "If you are ever in our part of the world"—I hate where one lives to be called their *part of the world*—"we shall be glad to see you," that was all, but he may come, and if he does I shall think that the new dress had some good effect, and it will sustain me when Madame's bill comes in. But as a general rule I think men are always stupid at weddings. I suppose they are thinking they will have to go through the same performance some day themselves, and that *that* makes them sad. I know my plan of elopements, with the consent of friends, of course, would be a great improvement upon the present system.

We had a dinner-party at The How the day after the wedding; it was given for my people, and was very pleasant; I always fall in love with that charming house and place—if not with the *owner* thereof—over again every time I see it. This is Thursday, and on Monday we go home, but don't come over on Tuesday, like a dear, for I shall be tired and cross. I wish it was the 1st of September! We shall be so dreadfully stupid now until the house fills for the shooting. There will be dinner parties for Mr. and Mrs. Charles Arkwright, of course, but Mary will be the person of consequence at them; I shall be Miss Nobody, and I don't care for dinner parties. They are at Oxford, as happy as possible, I suppose; dear me! Think of little Mary Moore being married to my brother Charlie! I know she is very nice, and good, and all that, but not the kind of girl I would have chosen for him.

I could not screw up my courage to ask "my brother" about Miss Menzies; he is not the sort of man you could take a liberty with, but Fanny Guest says she will write to me, so I suppose I shall hear all about it in due time. They are all to dine here on Saturday, and after church on Sunday we say good-bye. Alas! I feel quite low-spirited at the thought, so remember you must cheer up when we meet. Till then adieu! Ever your attached friend, NANNIE ARKWRIGHT.

P.S.—Private.—The living Lord Chester intends for Charlie is not old Mr. Denham's. It is somewhere in the south of Ireland—I wonder if C. would like to go there?

SHOULD MARRIED WOMEN DANCE?

SUCH is the somewhat novel and startling question that is asked, and answered in the negative, in our influential contemporary, the *Imperial Review*, and the subject is one of so much interest to ladies that no apology is necessary in laying the conclusions of the writer before our readers, though many of them will doubtless dissent entirely from the views expressed.

There is something almost unmanly, the author urges, in the spectacle of half a dozen young married women walking off with some of the best partners in the room, while a row of girls are setting neglected against the wall! Neither ignorance nor thoughtlessness can be pleaded in excuse. Women thoroughly know women, whatever else they may know; and there is not one of them that is not vividly conscious of what heartburning it causes to a poor girl to hear the music and watch the many twinkling feet of a ball-room, and play the almost ignominious part of passive spectator. Grown-up women clutching at all the toys and sweetmeats off a Christmas tree at a juvenile party, would not be a very unnatural spectacle. Grown-up men eager to win the stakes at a round game got up for lads home for the holidays, would not be more cruel or inhuman. We are constrained to plead for tenderness and consideration on the part of young women who are married towards young women who are not. Might not Sidney's words, as he handed the draught of water to the dying soldier at Lützen, be profitably remembered?—"Thy need is greater than mine." Sidney had need of it too. What need has a married woman of dancing partners at all? Women sometimes complain that they have no mission, and that the field of action is selfishly closed against them. A married woman ought to have no grounds for such a complaint. But if she insists on it that she has, she is already wrong. Her mission, amongst other things, is to be kind and good to all who are not yet as fortunate as herself. She ought to fancy them perpetually saying to her, "Such as I am, you once were." We do not want her, married women to turn match-makers. But we do want them to forward the cause that they themselves once thought so good, as their present condition testifies. They should regard themselves as positively retained for the prosecution of the chief happiness and destiny of their sex. They can do so much towards it, if they only will. Unfortunately, they can do so much to oppose or retard it; and they do it, by infesting ball-rooms, and walking off with partners under the very eyes of girls who, of course, are in the very worst need of them.

This is the chivalrous view of the question, it may be said, though we think it requires no great stretch of female chivalry to act up to it. Rather should we be inclined to call it the social aspect of the question. But it has its self-regarding one as well. For a few years, if ordinarily, for a very few—the married woman may, she will, indulge and exult in her comparative superiority. If she does so, however, it is at her peril. Before the game is over, she will suffer as much mortification as ever she inflicted. Sooner or later, the time comes when she is no longer regarded as the desirable partner she once was; and by-and-by the plainest unmarried girl in the room will be preferred to her. For a time, old friends will continue to ask her to dance—each one, each of them, in an evening. Men are usually delicate and considerate in such matters, and for "auld lang syne," and not to wound her, they will make what they regard as a sacrifice. But even masculine delicacy and consideration have their limits, and the period at length arrives when they ask her no more. She has long perceived that the tide of admiration is ebbing away from her, and she finally finds herself landlocked, high and dry, on that dreary bit of ground where wallflowers most do congregate. Had she but renounced, in time, what is now renouncing her, it is too late. She cannot plead that she does not dance, for nobody asks. She hopes against hope—as she once made others hope, with similar feelings—and thinks that,

to-night at least, some of her old admirers will find her out, and give her back her youth, by whirling her round in a good gallop. In vain! She has manufactured for herself a sort of beauty-dial, an accurate measurement of the radiance of her own charms; and she sees, convincingly demonstrated, that her sun has set for ever. We have hurried over her decline, which is in reality a somewhat slow one—we find it so exceedingly painful. Her belief in the continued existence of her charms dies a lingering death, even a fresh step towards its dissolution being more and more harrowing. St. Evremont says that the last sighs of a handsome woman are rather for why should she ever have to leave them? Why should she ever know that her beauty is dying? She need not, unless she goes out of the way to provide herself with such a pitiless register as we have described. A time dancing. Would she not do well to give it up at the particular juncture when she can offer the best of reasons for doing so, and can plead her new dignity as her sufficient excuse? Men will still press her to dance, and she cannot fail to be slightly gratified by their importunity. But if she is steady in gracious refusal, they will cease asking her, and long before anybody could be possibly supposed that they would not be pleased or flattered by her assent. They will be a little disappointed at her firmness, but in their hearts they will esteem her all the more for it. This much lead us on to another argument in favour of the conduct we have been advocating; indeed, there are several other considerations which we have forbore to urge. We have preferred to restrict ourselves to the consideration of two motives, one of which appeals to charity, and the other to self-interest. In pressing both, we have found a fresh illustration of that "true self-love and social are the same," the married woman who abstains from dancing shows exquisite consideration for the feelings of others, and in the long run, perhaps in a still greater degree, spares her own.

Correspondence.

PENCILLINGS AT NICE.

(From our own Correspondent.)

LETTER II.

The Casino or International Club, one of the most elegant structures of the kind in Europe, is situated on the *Promenade de l'Anglais*, and is without doubt one of the great attractions of this fashionable resort. It contains a large and well ventilated reading-room for ladies and gentlemen, in which are to be found eighty of the principal journals of Europe; a concert and ball-room, in which are held ten entertainments weekly; Concerts, vocal and instrumental; *Mantines dansantes* and evening balls, to all of which a family of two persons can subscribe for 21 s. per month.

A few months ago the grand juvenile fancy ball took place there, and was thronged by the rising generation from three years old to fifteen, dressed in every conceivable costume, of all nations and periods, often made in the richest and most costly materials, some with powdered hair and beauty spots. No more charming spectacle can be imagined than the 150 or 200 children tripping to the charming music of the Casino orchestra.

A children's ball! With what eager and joyful expectation they look forward to the day, and which of us does not remember "Our first ball," the new dress, the new shoes; and all the pretty little articles such an event requires; when life had no regrets in the past or forebodings for the future?

In gazing on their happy faces I could not help reflecting upon the changes a few years would bring forth in their young lives, how many of their happy hearts would be shadowed by grief—how many would look back to—

Their childhood's happy hours.

And wish they could return.

But enough of moralising, your fair readers can do that for themselves.

Next week we are to have another fancy ball, but for children of a larger growth. Some of the dresses are magnificent, and amount of cost nearly £2,000, in my next letter you shall receive an account of the different dresses from personal observation. The weather here is an English July from ten to four, but the evenings are December, with a bitterly cold air from the mountains.

There are two very fine opera-houses here, both open, one had the celebrated singer, the other French. We have lately of your readers remember her in the *L'Opéra Comique*, Paris. Time has dealt very gently with anger. The operas are wretchedly attended, although both companies are good.

The festivities of the Carnival are usually identified with Italy. Nice, though now belonging to France, is still sufficiently of boys and men in all kinds of hideous masks and costumes, revelling and riot of the character familiar to your readers who have visited Rome or read descriptions of the Carnival there. The English and Americans here, as at all other places I have visited, do not fraternise—nor can it, perhaps, be altogether wondered at. The latter carry the latest fashions into the extreme—whether suitable or not; dresses very short, (having bought it, is of course their own) combed à la marmite down the back; a *typhon* perched so high on their large bridge of the nose. They "quest" where I have done Europe, and put on greater airs than ever, after their Continental tour. That in Nice, I have many witnesses to prove, were it all necessary to adduce their evidence. You will have had enough of my gossip for this week. However, after the ball, you shall hear again from

LA VIOLETTE DE NICE.

SENTIMENTAL YOUNG LADIES.—I hate those more gentle girls without mind, or spirit, or feeling, to deepen the blush upon the pale cheek; a fellow might as well think of living upon the sweets, which, after all, are sure to become sour, as going through life with a sleepy-headed beauty, whose roughest word would be, "An' if it please you, sir!"—Mrs. S. G. Wall.

Papers for Ladies on Drawing and Painting.

BY ALFRED H. WALL.

PART III.

THE general importance of education in Art having been dwelt upon in the first of these articles, and the special importance of education in general to the artist having formed my subject in the second, I think we may now proceed to consider more technical matters.

There are many ways in which Drawing is taught, and each has its advocates. The first thing to be attained is, of course, the power of making those lines by which every form in nature can be expressed, and the next is the art of combining them. The pupil having achieved so much, should take outline drawings of the simplest forms, and imitate them with a pencil. After this, most teachers carry the beginner on to subjects having more varied lines, and then to those in which they are more numerous and complex; and so they continue drawing from the flat, month after month, acquiring a certain degree of skill, but merely as copyists. I believe it is a better and more philosophical course when the pupil has mastered a subject simple or complex from the flat, to put her, or him, before the same or some similar object in reality. If a pupil goes on from the simplest combinations of lines, and by degrees to landscape and figure subjects, all from the flat, she will invariably have to go through the same course of drudgery again, and commence her studies "from the round," as it is technically called, with objects of the simplest and most uninteresting kind, whereas had she drawn these simple objects from the round just after she had succeeded in drawing them from the flat, they would have had an interest for her which they could not otherwise have. It is not nice after you have been making pictures to go back to the manufacture of mere diagrams.

At this stage of my progress it strikes me that I should be glad to know what the requirements of my pupils absolutely are. If readers of THE LADY'S OWN PAPER who may be using these articles will let me know what progress they have made, if any, and in what direction, I will endeavour so to frame my future course of instruction as to render it of more practical utility.

(To be continued.)

* * The Author of the above Papers will be happy to answer any questions, or give advice, on subjects connected with Drawing or Painting.

Sins for the Thoughtful.

SHE neglects her heart who studies her glass.—*Lavater.*

HAPPY he who dies ere he calls on death.—*Bacon.*

SUNBEAM of summer! oh, what is like thee?

Hope of the wilderness! joy of the sea!

One thing is like thee, to mortals given—

The faith touching all things with hues of heaven.

—*Mrs. Hemans.*

ANY mind that is capable of a real sorrow is capable of good.

—*Mrs. Stowe.*

A small grievance makes us beside ourselves, a great sorrow makes us retire within ourselves; a bell with a small crack sounds dull, but if it be broken more it sounds clear again.

—*Richter.*

HE who has most of heart knows most of sorrow.—*Bailey.*

Those who are surly and imperious to their inferiors, are generally humble, flattering, and cringing to their superiors.

—*Fulton.*

ALAS! we make

A ladder of our thoughts, where angels step,

But sleep ourselves at the foot; our high resolves

Look down upon our slumbering arts.—*L. E. London.*

THERE'S too much abstract willing, purposing,

In this poor world. We talk by aggregates,

And think by systems, and, being used to face

Our evils in statistics, are inclined

To cap them with unreal remedies.

Drawn out in haste on the other side the slate.

—*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

None are so desolate, but something dear,

Dearer than self, possesses or possesses?

A thought, and claims the homage of a tear.—*Byron.*

SINCE Time is not a person we can overtake when he is past,

let us honour him with mirth and cheerfulness of heart while he is passing.—*Goethe.*

TIME cried out upon as a great thief; it is people's own fault. Use time well, and you will get from his hand more than he will ever take from yours.—*Mrs. Wetherell.*

Lo, here hath been dawning

Another blue day,

Thine, wilt thou let it

Slip unseen away?—*Carlyle.*

WHAT nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,

The soul's calm sunshine, and the heartfelt joy—

Is virtue's prize.—*Pope.*

VELOCITY is setting store by the things which are seen.—*Lady Morgan.*

God made both tears and laughter, and both for kind purposes; for as laughter enables mind and surprise to breathe freely, so tears enable sorrow to vent itself patiently. Tears hinder sorrow from becoming despair and madness; and laughter is one of the very privileges of reason, being confined to the human species.—*Leigh Hunt.*

Yes, we agree with that old poet who said that a low, soft voice was an excellent thing in woman. Indeed, we feel inclined to go much further than he on the subject, and call it the crown of woman's charms. How often the spell of a low, sweet voice is broken by coarse, harsh, shrill tones! How often you are irresistibly drawn to a plain, unassuming woman, whose soft silvery tones render her positively attractive. In the social circle, how pleasant it is to hear a woman talk in that low key which always characterises the true lady. In the sanctuary of home, how such a voice soothes the fretful child, and cheers the weary husband.—*Lamb.*

Cookery and Domestic Hints.

PANCAKE RECEIPTS—HOME AND FOREIGN.

(Continued from our last number.)

GINGER PANCAKES.—Yolks of six eggs; whites of three; one quart of milk; two spoonfuls of grated ginger; a pinch of salt; a wineglassful of brandy; six ounces of flour. Beat six eggs (leaving out the whites of three), and stir them into a quart of milk. Mix the flour smooth with a few spoonfuls of the milk; and add the remainder by degrees; then put in the grated ginger, pinch of salt, and a glass of brandy; stir all thoroughly together. Put a large piece of butter into a frying-pan, and when very hot, pour in a ladleful of the batter, shake the pan, and when one side is sufficiently done, turn it on the other, to lightly brown both sides. Raise the pan at the handle that the pancakes may drain. Sift loaf sugar over them, and serve quickly.

PRUSSIAN PANCAKES.—One pound of flour; one ounce of yeast; a little milk; two ounces of loaf sugar; four eggs; three ounces of butter; the peel of half a lemon; orange marmalade or apricot jam. Put a pound of flour into a bowl, and add to the centre an ounce of liquid yeast; add sufficient milk to form a stiff dough, and set it by the fire to rise. Melt three ounces of butter, add to four eggs, a little grated lemon peel, and about two ounces of sifted sugar. Beat it all well together, add it to the dough, and again beat it until it will separate from the bowl. Roll this mixture into a number of balls any size you prefer, fill each with marmalade or apricot jam, and set them to rise inside a screen on a sheet of tin with a floured paper under them, then put them into a large pan of boiling lard and fry them nicely.

IRISH PANCAKES.—Yolks of eight eggs; whites of four; one pint of cream; a little grated nutmeg; two ounces of sugar; peel of a lemon grated; three ounces of fresh butter; six ounces of flour. Warm a pint of cream over a slow fire, and strain into the yolks of eight well beaten eggs, and the whites of four, with two ounces of pounded sugar, a little nutmeg and the peel of a lemon grated; warm the butter and stir it into the cream. Then mix the six ounces of flour to form a smooth batter. Put a piece of butter at the bottom of the pan, pour in the batter, and fry the pancakes very thin. When done, place them on a hot dish on one another, and serve them quickly, and as hot as possible.

NEW ENGLAND PANCAKES.—One pint of cream; six spoonfuls of flour; eight yolks, four whites of eggs; two ounces and a half of powdered sugar; some grated lemon peel or cinnamon. Mix in a pint of good cream six spoonfuls of flour very well, then add the yolks of eight eggs, and the whites of four. Put the pancakes into a pan of hot butter, fry them very thin, and between each strew some pounded sugar, and grated lemon peel or cinnamon, and send up several rolled separately in the same dish.

PANCAKES WITH MARMALADE.—Four eggs; four ounces of dried fruit; a quarter of a pint of milk; a quarter of a pint of cream; a quarter of a pound of loaf sugar, and some orange marmalade. Make a smooth batter with the flour, eggs, milk, and cream, and when well mixed pour half a small teacupful into a pan of very hot butter, brown it nicely on one side, toss it over, and turn it on a dish. When all are done, spread some orange marmalade over each. Roll them up, cut off the ragged edges, place them on a sheet of tin, sift some pounded sugar over them, and lightly glaze the whole with a hot salamander; fold a napkin on a dish, and serve the pancakes up on it.

The Useful Corner.

HORSE-RADISH SAUCE (German).—To be eaten with boiled meat. Do not scrape the horse-radish until immediately before it is wanted. Throw it into boiling sweet cream. Add a little salt, one spoonful of sugar, a few currants, and, just before serving, a spoonful of good rich gravy, with the fat belonging to it.

SAUCE POIRADE (French).—Cut onions, carrots, and parsnips in slices, and fry them in butter; when they begin to turn yellow pour them. Pour in good red wine, and add a little vinegar, a clove of garlic, parsley, a bay leaf, basil, a little cayenne pepper, and salt. When this has boiled for half an hour strain and add peppercorns.

JELLY FROM GELATINE.—One ounce and a half of gelatine put over night into a pint of cold water, with the rinds and juice of three lemons. Next morning add a pint of boiling water, half a pint of sherry, the whites and shells of three eggs, and sweeten to your taste. Boil the whole ten minutes, and strain through a jelly bag. This will make a quart of jelly. Be sure not to stir the mixture after it is placed on the fire.

CLARET JELLY.—Dissolve half a pound of loaf sugar and an ounce and a quarter of isinglass in half a pint of water, add to this three-quarters of a pint of claret, a few drops of burnt sugar, and a wineglassful of brandy. Strain the jelly till bright, pour into the mould, and let it remain in a cold place till firmly set.

CLEAR GRavy SOUP.—Housewives are often asking how to make good clear gravy soup. The following receipt is recommended by Mrs. Bowman in the "New Cookery Book." Lay at the bottom of the stewpan half a pound of lean ham sliced, then three pounds of lean beef, and over it three pounds of veal, all in slices. If any bones be left break them and lay them on the meat; peel four onions, slice two carrots, two turnips, and a head of celery, and with a bunch of sweet herbs, four cloves and a blade of mace, add all to the meat, over which pour one quart only of water, and place the stewpan, covered, over a slow fire till the meat is brown; then turn it, but be careful that it does not scorch. Then add three quarts of boiling water; let it stew gently for an hour till you have carefully removed all the scum that rises; after which, place a stewpan at the side of the fire, now adding two teacupfuls of salt. Let it simmer for four hours; strain it through a tamie into an earthenware vessel, and set it by to cool. Then carefully remove the fat; and when poured off to heat, do not disturb the sediment. The soup should be perfectly clear, and of an amber colour; and will look better without any addition of vegetables.

HOW TO COOK RICE.—No one can boil rice like a palkee-bearer; every grain comes out of the chattle as dry as wheat, and nothing more simple; the rice is put into a small earthen vessel, with cold water, and set, covered, by the fire; when well boiled, but not overmuch, the water is poured off, and the rice still left in the vessel by the fire, given a shake now and then till wanted, and all will turn out dry as meal.—*Major-General Bell.*

HOP YEAST.—Take three quarts of water, twelve large potatoes, and a handful of hops. Boil the hops in the water until the quantity is reduced to two quarts. When the potatoes are done, peel them, and while hot, mash them, and strain the hop water on them. Add one large tablespoonful of salt, and one of sugar or molasses; also, one teacup of yeast.

Gossip for the Week.

THOUGH there are many names of historical note associated with the week upon which we enter to-morrow, and notably that of Handel, who was born at Halle, in Saxony, on the 24th of February, 1684; James Harvey, whose "Meditations" have secured so prominent a place in English literature, who was born on the 26th of February, 1713, at Hardington, a small village about a mile from Northampton; and Susan Cromwell, youngest daughter of the long-headed, burly Lord-Proctor, who died on the 28th of February, 1834, at the ripe old age of ninety; it is unnecessary for us to dwell upon them in our "Gossip" as the leading events of their lives are surely familiar even to the most superficial reader.

Two days of the week, however, are of undoubted interest, even thus late in the nineteenth century, especially amongst the youth of the humbler classes—not because of names associated with them, but on account of the strange contrasts to which they give rise. We refer, of course, to Shrove Tuesday and Ash Wednesday. Shrove Tuesday, more generally spoken of, perhaps, amongst the poor as Pancake-day, derives its name from the ancient practice in the Church of Rome of confessing sins, and being *shrived* or *shriven*—i.e., obtaining absolution, on this day. In Scotland, where the day is less regarded than in England, it is called Fasten's E'en. In the "Book of Days" many interesting particulars of the ancient observances associated with Shrove Tuesday are enumerated, some of which, at least, our readers may be pleased to learn. The merriment began, strictly speaking (we are told) the day before, being what was called *Collop Monday*, from the practice of eating collops of salted meat and eggs on that day. Then did the boys begin their Shrove-tide perambulations in quest of little treats which their senior neighbours used to have in store for them—singing:—

Shrove-tide is nigh at hand,
And I be come a shroving;
Pray, dame, something,
An apple or a dumpling.

When Shrove Tuesday dawned, the bells were set a-ringing, and everybody abandoned himself to amusement and good humour. All through the day there was a preparing and devouring of pancakes, as if some profoundly important religious principle were involved in it. The pancake and Shrove Tuesday are inextricably associated in the popular mind and in old literature. Before being eaten there was always a great deal of contention among the eaters, to see which could most adroitly toss them in the pan. Shakespeare makes his clown, in "All's Well that Ends Well," speak of something being "as fit as a pancake for Shrove Tuesday." It will be recollected that the parishioners of the Vicar of Wakefield "religiously ate pancakes at Shrove-tide."

It was customary to present the first pancake to the greatest slug or lie-a-bed of the party, "which commonly falls to the dog's share at last, for no one will own it their due."

In the time of Elizabeth, it was a practice at Eton for the cook to fasten a pancake to a crow (the ancient equivalent of the turkey) upon the school door. At Westminster School, the following custom is observed to this day:—At 11 o'clock a.m. a vergor of the Abbey, in his gown, bearing a silver baton, emerges from the college kitchen, followed by the cook of the school, in his white apron, jacket and cap, and carrying a pancake. On arriving at the school-room door, he announces himself, "The Cook"; and having entered the school-room, he advances to the bar which separates the upper school from the lower one, twirls the pancake in the pan, and then tosses it over the bar into the upper school, among a crowd of boys, who scramble for the pancake; and he who gets it unbroken, and carries it to the deanery, demands the honorarium of a guinea (sometimes two guineas) from the Abbey funds, though the custom is not mentioned in the Abbey statutes; the cook also receives two guineas for his performance. Among the revels which marked the day, football seems, in most places, to have been conspicuous. The London apprentices enjoyed it in Finsbury Fields. At Teddington, it was conducted with such animation that careful householders had to protect their windows with hurdles and bushes.

The other Shrove-tide observances were chiefly of a local nature. The old plays make us aware of a licence which the London apprentices took on this occasion to use all houses of dubious repute, and cut the unfortunate inmates through the City. This seems to have been done partly under favour of a privilege which the common people assumed at this time of breaking down doors for sport, and of which we have perhaps some remains, in a practice which still exists in some remote districts, of throwing broken crockery and other rubbish at doors. In Dorsetshire and Wiltshire, if not in other counties, the latter practice is called *Lent Crocking*. The boys go round in small parties, headed by a leader, "who goes up and knocks at the door, leaving his followers behind him, armed with a good stock of potshards—the collected relics of washing-pans, jugs, dishes, and plates, that have become the victims of concussus in the hands of un lucky or careless housewives for the past year." When the door is opened, the hero—who is perhaps a farmer's boy, with a pair of black eyes sparkling under the tattered brim of his brown milking-lid—hangs down his head, and, with one corner of his mouth turned up into an irrepressible smile, pronounces the following lines:—

A-shrovin', a-shrovin',
I be come a shrovin';
A piece of bread, a piece of cheese,
A bit of your fat bacon,
Or a dish of dough-nuts,
All of your own makin'!

A-shrovin', a-shrovin',
I be come a-shrovin',
Nye meat in a pie,
My mouth is very dry!

I wish a vint too well-a-wet
I'd zing the louder for a nut!
Chorus—A-shrovin', a-shrovin',
We be come a-shrovin'!

Sometimes he gets a bit of bread and cheese, and at some houses he is told to be gone; in which latter case, he calls up his followers to send their missiles in a rattling broadside against the door. It is rather remarkable that in Prussia, and perhaps other parts of central Europe, the throwing of broken crockery at doors is a regular practice at marriages. Lord Malmesbury, who, in 1791, married a Princess of that country as proxy for the Duke of York, tells us that the morning after the ceremonial a great heap of such rubbish was found at her Royal Highness's door.

Ash Wednesday has its legends also, and the main facts of its history have been optimised as follows:—It is an ancient custom of the Christian Church to hold as a period of fasting and solemnity the forty days preceding Easter, in commemoration of the miraculous abstinence of Jesus when under temptation. From *lenten-tide*, a Saxon term for spring (as being the time of the lengthening of the day), came the familiar word for this period—LENT. Originally, the period began on what is now the first Sunday in Lent; but it being found that when Sundays, as improper for fasting, were omitted, there remained only thirty-six days, the period was made by Pope Gregory to commence four days earlier—namely, on what has since been called Ash Wednesday. This name was derived from the notable ceremony of the day in the Romish Church. It being thought proper to remind the faithful, at commencement of the great penitential season, that they were but dust and ashes, the priests took a quantity of ash, blessed them, and sprinkled them with holy water. The worshipper then approaching in sackcloth, the priest took up some of the ashes on the end of his fingers, and made with them the mark of the cross on the worshipper's forehead, saying, "*Memento, homo, quia cinis es, et in pulverem reverteris*." (Remember, man, that you are of ashes, and into dust will return). The ashes used were commonly made of the palms consecrated on the Palm Sunday of the previous year. In England, soon after the Reformation, the use of ashes was discontinued, as "a vain show," and Ash Wednesday thence became only a day of marked solemnity, with a memorial of its original character in a reading of the curses denounced against impenitent sinners.

High Life and General Gossip.

THE Parisian *Figaro* announced but the other day that Patti's marriage with the Marquis de Caux had been irrevocably broken off. *Figaro* went too far. The fact is that the marriage is simply postponed. Adeline's father, having coolly calculated that his daughter had in her nuptial tangle throat stranding engagements for three years to come with St. Petersburg, London, and Paris, and that more than fifty thousand pounds were hanging upon their fulfilment, wrote to the Marquis who had offered to be his son-in-law a note, begging him to adjourn the match till the end of 1870. Patti has already amassed a large fortune, it is true; but that fortune, unhappily, consists of shares or bonds, subject to the caprices of rise and fall, and as the Bears have all their way just now, the said wise Papa is afraid the said Diva's fortune would not represent more than £800 a year if realised in the present circumstances. It is perfectly true that, although a Marchioness, she could continue her career, at least during these three years which are to ensure her financial independence, and the Marquis might have acquiesced in it; but marriage cuts short sometimes the fortunes of a cantatrice, and it is not unlikely that the Diva remembers that the artist who delighted the *habitués* of the Opera as Mlle. Streponi, lost her voice the very next day she had become Madame Verdi.

We hear from Paris that at the recent masked ball at the Opera—a place ever fruitful of strange events—a rich and well-known merchant became enamoured with a remarkable black domino, who charmed him by her conversation and wit. Encouraged by her, he consented to see her home, but on condition that he would allow his eyes to be bandaged, and ask no questions. He submitted to the conditions; a cab was called, and drove the revellers to the outskirts of the city. The cab stopped before a splendid house, and soon the parties entered a spacious drawing-room. When the bandage was taken off the gentleman's eyes, he saw in place of his masked friend three ruffians with cocked revolvers at his head, who soon cleared his pockets out, and kept as a memento of his visit his jewellery. He was then bandaged, and his life spared on condition of not uttering a cry. Two of the men conducted their victim to a lonely road, and gave him his liberty. There is a very extensive gang of robbers—men and women—carrying on their depredations in this way, which the police have not yet been able to break up.

THE COURT of Assizes of the Nord has just been engaged in the trial of a young man named Jean-Baptiste Laqueman for a double crime of infanticide. On the 11th January last the two brothers of the accused, aged 11 and 14 years, left home at about seven in the morning to go to school at Orchies, a village about half a mile from the cottage in which they resided with their parents. An hour later they were found lying near the path they had been following, cruelly murdered, their skulls having been fractured with some heavy instrument. The accused had also left home shortly before the two boys to go to his work, in the same direction. The elder brother, when informed of the crime, showed great embarrassment, and spots of blood were observed on his clothes; the suspicions thus excited were shortly afterwards confirmed by an axe which Jean-Baptiste had been seen carrying a few days before being found in a ditch, still covered with the blood and hair of the victims. In consequence of these proofs the accused confessed his guilt. The prisoner was of a brutal and avaricious disposition, and had been impelled to the deed by a desire to reduce the expenses of the family

and increase his ultimate share of the little property their parents possessed. The jury returned a verdict of guilty, with the admission of extenuating circumstances, and the Court condemned him to hard labour for life.

ON Monday, at one o'clock, as we have briefly mentioned in another place, their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales paid a visit to St. Bartholomew's Hospital. At the hour mentioned a large crowd gathered outside the hospital gates, but orders were given that no stranger should be allowed to enter the building while the Prince and Princess were in it, and the people remained in the earnest hope of catching a glimpse of their Royal Highnesses when they were leaving. The Prince and Princess paid a visit to the wards in which the sufferers by the blowing down of the wall of the House of Detention are lying. The Princess appeared to take great interest in listening to the statements made to the Royal party by Mr. Foster White, the treasurer of the institution, who narrated to them several incidents of interest in connection with the history of the building. Every part of the edifice where there was anything of interest to be seen was visited. When their Royal Highnesses had been shown over the whole of the building they visited the old church of St. Bartholomew-the-Less, which stands within the hospital walls, and having done which they shortly after left, expressing themselves highly pleased with their visit.

THE second and last ball of the season at the Hotel de Ville, Paris, on Thursday night last week did not terminate until after four in the morning. From nine o'clock until twelve, Baron and the Baroness Haussmann remained in the *salon* near the entrance to receive the guests. The crowd of beautiful women was exceedingly great, and the toilettes charming. The two daughters of the Prefect, M^{me}. Dollfus and Viscountess de Farnetti, were dressed, the former in white satin, and the second in cerise colour, covered with Mechlin lace; the Princess de Metternich and the Duchess de Ferdinandina were both in white tulle; Madame Foydeau, yellow silk; Madame de Bellamy in rose, &c. The multitudinous skirts of last year have disappeared; the dresses are without plaits in front, the fulness being thrown back to terminate in a long *queue*; sashes of exceedingly wide ribbon, to match the dress, are tastefully arranged in a knot behind, the ends falling low; flowers ornament the bottom of the skirt; the dress is not worn so low as last year, either on the back or front; very little black lace is to be seen, and when white is worn it is no longer placed flat, but in zigzags or festoons on the dress, the points of the former and the semi-circle of the latter being ornamented with flowers; *chignons* are no longer worn, the hair being worn high on the head, with long stray curls allowed to float freely at each side of the neck. At the Prefect's ball very few uniforms or official costumes were to be seen, plain black being the gentlemen's attire for the evening.

We hear, as we are going to press, that in a few days the gift intended for Miss Burdett Coutts by the volunteers of Loogo will be forwarded to Baron Du Jardin, the Belgian Minister in London, to be by him presented to the lady, whose name and residence, Holly Lodge, are quite household words in Belgium. It is an album, beautifully got up, containing 71 portraits of her last year's volunteer guests. On the cover are her family arms, in enamel, side by side with those of Belgium, encircled by the motto, "Union fait la force."

A PORTION of the Paris press, being prohibited from treating of politics, deals largely in gossip and scandal. As a specimen of the sort of stuff with which they regale the public, it may be mentioned that one of them has obtained from the Opera and printed the measures of the tights or fleshings (or whatever may be the technical name of the garments which fit close to the person) worn by the principal dancers and singers. It thus appears that Mlle. — measures so many inches at the calf, Mlle. — so many round the waist. And such rubbish as this the public read with eager interest.

AS we briefly announced last week, the Princess Royal, Crown Princess of Prussia, gave birth to a son at Berlin on the morning of Monday week, the twenty-eight anniversary of her mother's wedding day. Her Royal Highness, the "little Vicky" of the Queen's diary, now had six children, of whom all but one survive. The Queen herself has been more fortunate, as she has never lost one of her children, though the indifferent health of her youngest boy, Prince Leopold, has lately given her some cause for anxiety. The birth of a son to the Crown Princess of Prussia increases the number of the Queen's grandchildren to twelve—viz., Princess Royal, five; Princess of Wales, three; Princess Alice of Hesse, three; Princess Helena, one.

THE latest idiosyncy in the comic song way is entitled "Walking in the Zoo"; the O. K. thing on Sunday is "Walking in the Zoo." This is "sung with tumultuous applause by the Great Varsity." It may be stated for the benefit of the ignorant, that "O. K." are the initial letters of "all correct."

MR. RANSFORD'S CONCERT at St. James's Hall, to which we have already referred, came off last Tuesday evening, and must have pronounced a decided success. The spacious building was well filled with a fashionable audience, and many of the ballads and songs, notably "Bonnie Katie," sung by W. H. Cummings, and "Who can I Tell?" by Madame Sainton-Dolby, were encored. Mr. Brindley Richardson's performance on the piano-forte was of course highly appreciated.

LONDON, we are informed, is no longer to have two rival opera houses, but the forces of the two establishments are to be combined, and under the management of Mr. Mapleson will more than sustain the prestige of the Royal Italian Opera at Covent Garden. Mr. Gye, who is entitled to the greatest praise for the high state of excellence to which he has raised the latter establishment, retires, with ample compensation. Fortunately a successor was at hand, one who had elevated Her Majesty's Theatre to a position in all respects as high as its rival. Mr. Mapleson, having abandoned his intention of placing his company on the boards of Old Drury, takes the management of Covent Garden, where Italian opera will be represented by any body of artists such as have never before been collected on any stage in Europe. The success of the undertaking cannot be doubted.

New Books.

THE GOVERNOR'S DAUGHTER.*

In these palmy days of novel-writing, when nearly every young lady of ordinary accomplishments, and not a few of no accomplishments whatever, seem to feel it incumbent on them to mark their introduction to society by the production of a novel; when gentlemen whose acquaintance with "high life" is limited to the routing of an upper story in one of the many by-turnings from Fleet-street or the Strand, essay to portray in the pages of the cheap journals, or through the more ambitious channel of a three-volume novel, the sayings and doings of the "Upper Ten" (which, by the way, turns out to be a mere mythical number—a convenient figure of speech); and when, strangest of all, the rage for "light literature" is so overpowering that readers are actually found for hundreds of volumes that are thus offered to a long-suffering and proverbially "discriminating" public; at such a time, we repeat, it is a positive fairy-gift to meet with so able and interesting a writer as Mr. author land Edwards. One has become so accustomed to find bigamy and murder, rapine and oppression, ruthless papas and savage uncles, scheming pettifoggish lawyers, with "iron-grey eyes," and miscreants who for the love of gold sell themselves body and soul to work all kinds of possible and—well, highly-improbable wickedness, made the ground-work of modern novels, that to discover a writer who dispenses entirely with such clumsy machinery, and strikes out an original path, takes one completely aback. It is like suddenly meeting with freshly-blooming flowers on a well-travelled road—like accidentally finding grapes on thorns, or figs on thistles! Yet this the author of the volumes under notice has certainly succeeded in accomplishing, and fully deserves, both as to method and manner, the highest commendation.

The story is a semi-political one—we mean nothing alarming by so formidable a term, gentle reader—the interest of the plot turning upon the ineffectual rising of the Poles against their Russian masters in 1863. Mr. Edwards, we believe, was in Russia at the time of the outbreak, and witnessed the short and desperate struggle, if he did not actually take part in it; and thus having studied on the spot both Russian and Polish manners, customs, and intrigues, and being gifted with shrewd common-sense and a ready command of language, he has the true love-story element, gives with dramatic force and brilliancy an insight into the history of that heroic, but often rashly-impetuous, people whose sad history has so often raised the blood of the patriot, fanned the poetic fire, and winged the orator's burning words.

The heroine of the story, Nathalie, is a charming young lady, the daughter of a Russian Governor, General Gontchalin; the hero, a young man of Polish descent on his mother's side, but by birth a Russian—Stanislaus Ferrari. Through the treachery of his father, the young Ferrari suffers many indignities alike from Russians and Poles in his native country, and hence comes to reside in England, where he is at the period rendered memorable by the opening of the London International Exhibition of 1862. Passing into the Exhibition one day he hears some altercation between the check-taker and a gentleman, who was accompanied by a young lady, and whose portrait we cannot do better than give in the author's own words:—

One of the most remarkable objects at the London International Exhibition of 1862 was old General Gontchalin, as he appeared when he was refused admittance. His face, which at ordinary times was as red as beef, and which was garnished with a moustache as white as hair, became redder than ever. His throat presented a dangerously swollen appearance, and his whole body shook convulsively as, with an apologetic gasp and a cosmopolitan accent, he asked an excusing question of English, what the check-taker meant by refusing his money.

"Calm yourself, my dear papa," said a young lady who resembled to the author of her days. "Calm yourself," she repeated, speaking in the Russian language. "The man has his orders. How can you wish him not to obey them?"

"This appeal to the military sentiment had the desired effect on the General. 'But what are we to do?' he inquired in a pacified tone. 'Roules are roules. They took them in Paris, they took them in Paris, and why don't they take them here?'"

"They will take them here also, and be very glad to get them, only not at the Exhibition."

At the proper moment Ferrari steps up, and politely asking whether he can be of any service, is requested to change a Russian note, does so, receives the thanks of both the General and his pretty daughter, and departs a more thoughtful, if not a happier man. He has been lion that the lady's charms, resolves after much rumination of mind, and having come to this sage conclusion, of course thinks of nothing else but Nathalie for the rest of her again? He had overheard them speak of going to see opera in the evening, hurries off himself, therefore, and secures a ticket, and by a lucky accident is thrown in her way in a manner he could never have anticipated:—

Nathalie's unknown admirer, for the first time in his life, reached the opera before the commencement of the overture. He had just given up his ticket at the entrance to the stalls, when his attention was arrested by a pair of magnificent marten furs, which, slowly, and with an air of importance, were ascending the grand staircase.

"Where can those trousseurs be going?" he said to himself. The upper part of the person to whom the trousseurs of forbidden fish's tail. But not the miter or rather magnificent marten furs, was walking by the nondescript's side. He recognised his Russian acquaintance—if acquaintances they could be called—of the morning, and determined to follow them.

Edwards's *Governor's Daughter*. A novel. By H. SUTHERLAND EDWARDS. 2 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers, 18, Catherine-street, 1868.

However, he had already given up the ticket admitting him to the stalls; and it moreover struck him, that instead of following the proprieties of the trousseurs it would be much better to meet him accidentally at the top of the staircase, beyond which it was certain the trousseurs would not be allowed to proceed. His familiarity with the corridors and passages of the Royal Italian Opera enabled him to execute his well-planned strategic movement with certainty and despatch. He entered the audience department on the ground floor, turned rapidly to the left, scaled, as by no means inaccessible staircase, and by a dexterous flank movement contrived to reach the check-taker's post at the entrance to the boxes just as General Gontchalin was being told that the colour of his pantaloons rendered his admission impossible.

"What does this pleasant signifiy?" inquired the General. "I am very sorry, sir," said the check-taker, who saw he had to deal with a gentleman; "but our instructions are most positive."

"Instructions! What instructions?" roared the General. "You are not in evening dress."

"Not in evening dress! In what am I then? Is this a dressing-gown or a coat that I am wearing? Have I forgotten my cravat? Have I boots on my feet, or only slippers? *Par exemple?*"

"I am very sorry, sir; but your trousers—"

"My trousers! Well, what about my trousers? Does the cut not please you? Are they too long or too short? Really this treatment astonishes and confounds me."

At this moment the General recognised the obliging money-changer of the morning, who was standing close to him, but on the other side of the check-taker, at the entrance to the crush-room.

The result is, to be short, that Ferrari spends part of the evening in the box of the General, and falls still more hopelessly in love with his charming daughter.

The sequel is worked out in a striking manner. Ferrari sees no more of Nathalie till he gazes from the bars of a Russian prison. He has been induced, with all his warm sympathies for Poland and his determination to clear his character from the slur that his father's duplicity had cast upon it, to join in a dangerous expedition to Warsaw on behalf of the Poles, takes a prominent part in the disastrous rising in 1863, is wounded, cast into prison, and while waiting the sentence that shall hurry him to the scaffold is rescued through the instrumentality of Nathalie, marries her, with the consent of her father, too, and settles in London a wiser and happier man.

Such is a brief sketch of the story, but it would be impossible for us to convey to the reader any adequate notion of the skill and humour with which the various events, and the prominent movers in them, are described by the author. There is no book-making in the volumes, scarcely a word that could well be dispensed with; and with the exception of one slight discrepancy on page 80, as compared with page 156, nothing that the most fastidious could find fault with. We cordially commend these volumes to the notice of our readers.

NEW BOOKS FOR THE LADY'S LIBRARY.

Buchanan's *Tragic Drama*, with Poems, 2 vols., 12mo, 12s., cl.
Kavanagh's *Drama*, a Novel, 12mo, 6s., cl.
Lover's *Poetical Works*, illus., 12mo, 3s., cl.
Richmond and *His Legends*, by J. Bennett, 12mo, 3s., 6d., cl.
Sink or Swim? by Author of "Recommended to Mercy," 3 vols., 31s., 6d.

New Music.

SONG.

"Bright Gems." Words by Ellen Collyer. Music by Walter H. Woodgate. (S. Wilcocke, 79, Oxford-street, W., and 22, Black-crook-street, Borough, S.E.)

Baronet *Gems*.—This ballad has been sung with great success by Mr. Baxter and Mr. Offord. With this fact before us it seems almost presumptuous and certainly hazardous to give a fair estimation of its merits as a compound composition. Still, this we are bound to do. The melody, which is in E flat, is agreeable and not inexpressive. The most that can be said for the words is, that they inculcate no harm.

However, a phrase of such un-English construction as, "These gems, enduring as they seem, stand on earth must be." As to originality of thought, or poetical freshness of expression, we have long given up the idea of expecting to find either of these in the lyrics which composers generally choose to set their music to; but we do think proper English and smoothness of rhythm ought to be guaranteed even to a superficial public. We would, therefore, remark that "gone" and "morn," is not an artistic rhyme, and surely Ellen Collyer's ear will tell her that it is not a euphonious one; for we are quite unwilling to think that she is one of the many Cockneys who pronounce the former word as if spelled "gorn." The readers of THE LADY'S OWN PAPER, however, have tastes too cultured to be able to find gratification in merely mediocre words, although they may rhyme well and be set to music skillfully.

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

"Christmas Eve and New Year's Eve." By Carl Hauss. (W. H. Ross, 29, Norfolk-terrace, Westbourne-grove, W.)

CHRISTMAS EVE AND NEW YEAR'S EVE.—Judging from the title, we were going to say this twofold piece has reached us late. Although, however, Christmas Eve and New Year's Eve have both greeted us and gone, they at least who have had many such greetings will have the power even now of anticipating their re-appearance in ten months' time; and so, not only to us, but to many of our readers, this composition will seem to be a little early. A year is a long reign for an ordinary drawing-room piece. Has this production of Carl Hauss sufficient merit to stand the test of a second season? We think it. "Christmas Eve," a *cappriccio* in A major, is a graceful movement embodying pathos; "New Year's Eve" a spirited march in E flat, with a trio in A flat. This march is more worthy to be called "grand" than many that vaunt the appellation. We believe this piece must please for an ordinary occasion. We advise all our readers who are on the look-out for a new composition which is likely to delight most of their friends at once to obtain it. We assure them it is not difficult, requiring only precision and taste to render it peculiarly effective.

DANCE MUSIC.

"Wings of Zephyr Waltzes." By D'Alembert. (John Shepherd, 20, Warwick-lane, and at Wickham Library, Upper Lewisham-road, S.E.) Illustrated.

The Three Nations Quadrilles." By D'Alembert. (John Shepherd.) Illustrated.

WINGS OF ZEPHYR WALTZES.—Gentlemen are not supposed to have anything to do with our paper; but experience tells us

that they often avail themselves of our contents, and express their admiration of them, as indeed they must do if they want to please the ladies and show that they have taste equal to theirs. So, asking pardon of our own fair readers for addressing ourselves in this place to their lords and masters, we pass on to give the latter a hint. If anyone has a mother, a wife, a daughter, a niece, or indeed any dear lady friend, who has a love for waltzes, he cannot do better than present her with a copy of this set. We are sure she will smile on him and say in her own language, "It is very good, and the waltzes are truly charming." One thing we can promise him. There are no difficult passages that would almost try the patience of a female Marcus Arcthius, and dispose her to call him behind his back "A nasty man to bring such a horrid piece." These dances will not in the least tease the performer, for they are sufficiently easy to enable her to dispense with all irksome practice. Lastly, the piece has a coloured illustration which to some ladies' tastes would enhance its prettiness as a gift.

THE THREE NATIONS QUADRILLES.—These are spirited, easy, and well-marked for the dance. They have for motto "Tria juncta in Uno," and are, in fact, a medley of popular English, Scotch, and Irish airs—viz., "Planxty No. 1," "Speed the Plough," "Dumfries House," "Ar Hyd Yr Nos," and "I'll Omen" rather. "Kitty of Coleridge," for "I'll Omen" is not (as M. D'Alembert seems to think) the name of the old air, but of the words which Moore wrote to it.

SONGS.

"Spinning by Her Cottage Door." Written by Claribel. (Sinclair and Co., 40, Great Marlborough-street, W.)

"I'll Cast My Rose on the Waters." Written by Claribel. (Sinclair and Co.)

Under the Willows." Written by Claribel. (Sinclair and Co.)

THESE SONGS, the title-page informs us, are written by Claribel, "Claribel" being printed in large letters. Who, let us say, publishers, is the composer? For him or her we have some sympathy, not unmingled with annoyance at such meanness. We see unmistakable evidence in the skill which their composition displays that they are the productions of no novice in the art of music. One who can write with so much delicate taste must surely feel that he or she is dishonouring a noble gift in setting to music such worthless stuff as these lines, which are far inferior even to Claribel's songs in general—songs, as *Punch* says, almost worthy of being classed with "Fush-a-bye, Baby, on the Tree-top," and "Pussy-Cat, Pussy-Cat, Where Have You Been?" Certainly there is as much poetry in these numbers as in "Under the Willows" and "Spinning by Her Cottage Door," while indeed Mr. Wall in his "Paper on Drawing and Painting" in our last number but one, showed that the last-quoted at least is far more suggestive, and fraught with true philosophical meaning. The only attempt at anything poetical in these three pieces is a simile in "I'll Cast My Rose on the Waters," and this is so clumsily managed as to be quite a failure. But we all know persons who do not buy Claribel's songs for the poetry—surely for the music,—but because it is the fashion to purchase them.

LITERARY AND ART NOTES.

We understand that the large sale of the Queen's "Highland Journal" has encouraged Her Majesty to command its translation into French. The task has been committed by Her Majesty to Madame Hocquard, formerly French governess to the Princesses Beatrice, Louise, and Helena.

Mrs. COBLEN is preparing matters in connection with her husband's papers, with a view to their publication, including a collection of his letters on several subjects which engrossed his political life, commencing, probably, with those on national education, in which he took so deep an interest, in the early part of his career, and on behalf of which he again fully purposed to labour had he lived. Any of his friends who may be in possession of letters suitable for this collection will oblige Mrs. Coblen by allowing her the use of the originals.

PRINCE NAROLEN has sold his pictures to a private dealer for £2,000. The collection was not extensive, and consisted exclusively of specimens of the Modern French school. The room which will contain the first "Shakespeare Library" at Birmingham is nearly completed, and will be formally opened on the 23rd April, the anniversary of the poet's birth. A large number of very valuable books has accumulated, enriched by the collection of Mr. Charles Knight, and the donations of Mr. Halliwell and others.

As the memoir, just appeared which will interest many northern readers. It is the memoir, by Lord Lindsay, of Lady Anna Mackenzie, Countess of Balcarres, and afterwards of Argyll, 1621-1706. The lady was daughter of Colin, surnamed Ruidh or the Red, Earl of Seaforth, chief of the great clan of the Mackenzies, by Margaret Seyton, daughter of the Earl of Dunfermline, Chancellor of Scotland under King James VI.

MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL JOTTINGS.

We hear that Miss Bessie Aleyne (Lady Eardley) will shortly return to the stage.

Some twenty or thirty musical magazines have recently been started in America.

MR. MAXWELLSON's season of the Italian Opera will open at Drury Lane about the end of March.

MR. GOLDSCHMIDT, at Cannes, complains of London winters, and will probably give up her residence in the suburbs.

MR. NOLAN, from Prague, and Mlle. Skiwa, from Vienna, have expressed their intention of coming to London.

ROBINSOVS CATSON? is now in rehearsal at Brussels, Vienna, Antwerp, Ghent, Geneva, Lyons, Bordeaux, Nancy, and Toulouse.

MR. VERNON ROBY has been engaged by Mr. Arthur Chappell to sing in the forthcoming Popular Concerts in Edinburgh and Glasgow. Herr Joachim is also engaged.

A BERTIN letter says between Herr Niemann, the opera singer, and his wife, Madame Niemann-Seebach, measures for a composition entitled *Les Echos*, borrowed from the repertoire of Jenny Lind, for whom it was composed by Eckert. The artist afterwards played the mad scene in *Lucia*, and produced a great effect. The Marquis de Caux occupied a stall. The gross receipts at the theatre were 10,036fr., the highest amount ever taken there. After the performance, the orchestra and the chorus gave Mlle. Patti a grand serenade in front of her hotel.

The 50th representation of *Gulistan Tell* took place the other night at the Grand Opera, Paris. The performers afterwards went, at midnight, and gave a serenade to Rossini (as mentioned elsewhere) at his residence. The first performance of this work took place at Paris on the 12th of August, 1829.

The Lady's Own Paper.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1868.

Notabilia.

WE recently made a few remarks on the advent of St. Valentine, and referred to the queer customs that appertain to the day in the olden times. Our readers must not imagine, however, that the anniversary of the sprightly saint is without its absurdities in the year of grace one thousand eight hundred and sixty-eight, or that such absurdities are limited to the sending by the poorer classes of the astonishing specimens of pictorial art that figure in the windows of small book-shops in back streets for weeks before the arrival of the all-important day. One of the Glasgow papers favours us with a few details that prove the matter to be far otherwise. In the first city there are a number of bashful ladies and gentlemen, who, too anxious to conceal all trace of the source from which their valentine offerings come, send them under cover to the Postmaster, who, they suppose, will kindly forward them to their destination. It is quite a mistake to suppose that the Postmaster or any of his assistants will do anything of the kind. It is strictly against regulations. Every misgiving of this character is at once consigned to the limbo of the "dead letter office." The next class of valentine offerings that never reach their destination, are such as—evidently sent by very broad and vulgar practical jokers—contain red herrings, dead mice, lumps of cheese, and other such articles of a similar nature. Now, not one of these ever goes out of the central office, but all are ruthlessly destroyed, so that those who send such substantial and singular tokens of their tender feelings must rest assured that the only object they serve is to give a great deal of dirty work to the Post-Office officials in destroying them, and it further entails upon the clerks the necessity of writing a communication to the head office regarding every dead mouse or red herring buried out of sight. While the sender is chuckling over the sensations which will animate the fair one, or the brave one, as she or he takes up the tender message by the tail, it is highly probable that the message is in the ashpit. It would seem that the "red herring" is the favourite valentine among youths who indulge their fancy in this direction. We do not know either from ancient or modern myths any reason for the preference, nor whether St. Valentine himself was partial to the "redskins" on Fridays and other "no flesh" days. Whatever be the cause, it is a fact, we believe, that the Post-Office receives every year during the valentine season as many red herrings as would stock the shop of a fishmonger in a small way of business. And they are dressed in the most fantastic and mirth-provoking style; dressed, we do not mean in the cookery phrase, but adorned—the female red herring with hat, *chignon*, potticoats, and crimoline, while the male is encased in trousers and swallow-tails, and furnished with cane and eye-glass.

ENGLISH cooks have ever been taunted by their French neighbours with their want of ingenuity and skill, and not perhaps without reason. But English cookery, we are inclined to think, has made considerable advances of late years, and now report speak truly, the French are degenerating in the art in which they have hitherto excelled. There is a chance, therefore, of the English, if they will only make the best of their advantages, raising themselves more nearly to a par with their lively friends. Anyway, gastronomists complain that French cookery in the Paris restaurants is degenerating, and that only those persons quite ignorant of the art are now satisfied with it. The epicurean customer has become as rare as the clover practitioner. There are, we are told, two causes for this decline in an art for which those establishments were once so celebrated; the first is that they are frequented by a large number of persons unacquainted with the higher traditions of gastronomy, and who are easily deceived by the pompous names under which the vulgar dishes served to them are disguised. The second cause to which this decay is attributed is the use of tobacco; the cook now smokes as well as the consumer, and the palates of both are so deteriorated by the action of the weed that they are not able to appreciate the one what he prepares and the other what he eats. The result has been the substitution of highly-seasoned dishes for the former delicate savours of Parisian cookery.

WE have already so freely expressed our opinions on the subject of the education of women that it is unnecessary for us to do more in reference to the proposed Women's College than state the facts that have been made known concerning it. Miss Davies, whose efforts for the welfare of her sex must be familiar to most of our readers, with a body of ladies and gentlemen known for their labours in the cause of female education, has put forth a proposal to found a Women's College between London and Cambridge—for Cambridge has had the wisdom to examine women, while Oxford refuses—where all the regular university studies are to be carried on, with the addition of those special to women, the teachers being both men and women, as the case may require, but the college authorities women only. £30,000 will be enough to build a college to contain 100 students, and Mrs. Bodicheon heads the subscription list with £1,000. We need scarcely say that we heartily wish the college success, for, as a contemporary forcibly remarks, there are many girls in country places and small towns who cannot get good teaching; while those in large towns who can, are often so hindered by the calls of fashion and society on their time, that nothing like serious work is possible to them. From rumours that have reached us, it is probable that a Northern Counties Women's College will not be far behind the Eastern Counties one.

A BELGIAN correspondent sends particulars of the opening of the fancy fair got up by Royalty for the benefit of the distressed poor; an example certainly worth imitating by other and richer Sovereigns. There was only one drawback to the complete success of the fair on the first evening, and this was the insufficiency of the place to hold the crowd, although the directors of the Botanical Gardens had given up the whole range of their glass-houses to the disposal of the ladies forming the committee. The place was admirably lighted up, a good band was in attendance, and flowers were as abundant as at midsummer. The Queen was there attired in a blue dress, blue bonnet, and a magnificent gold-embroidered shawl. Most of the principal families of the country were represented by one or more members. The prettiest effect of the evening, however, was produced by groups of children, dressed in true Turkish fashion, moving about amongst the ladies, offering Turkish wares of every description at a fabulously low price. It was said that the dresses, as well as the wares, were the gifts of a rich family living at Constantinople, who have had them made purposely for this fancy fair, and that the box containing the same had fortunately arrived just at the very nick of time, so as to be used on the opening night.

MANY of our readers have doubtless often experienced and lamented the inconveniences apparently indissolubly connected with fashionable evening receptions: the crush, the formality, the stiffness, and the sense of weariness arising from forced display and assumed good humour. It is with pleasure, therefore, that we receive the assurance of a Paris correspondent that in that city the stiffness and formality ordinarily attending invitations and receptions are evidently giving place to greater simplicity and freedom. It is observable that every year introduces some acceptable innovation in this sense, and, notwithstanding, the dinners, *soirees*, and balls lose nothing of their *clat*; but the contrary may be said. The Marchioness de Moutier has given a distinguished example of this unrestrained suavity of manners, which could not fail to be quickly followed. It was that lady who took the initiative this year of those easy and elegant social gatherings known as *invitations intimes*; and her Wednesday evening receptions have been all the more attractive on that account. The lady of the Ministry of the Interior, Madame Pinard, adopting a similar method, merely encloses her card to her friends and acquaintances, with the following words written thereon:—"On dansera en petit comité les Mardis 11, 18, et 25 Février." Paris, we are further assured, begins to assume a more seasonable appearance as regards the fashionable world. In addition to the official receptions, the *salons* of Madame Drouyn de Lhuys, Madame Walewska, the Duchess de Persigny, and others are constantly crowded by those who move in the Court circle.

A CURIOUS, though lamentable, case has just occurred that is very suggestive of the notions that prevail amongst a very large class of the population in respect to the use of medicines. An old man in Manchester named O'Brien, suffering from bronchitis, obtained, last week, an order on a dispensary for a mixture composed of laudanum and ipecacuanha. Having swallowed a dose of it, he found himself so much relieved that he drank off the entire contents of the bottle, on the supposition that the more he took the better he should be. He was found dead in his bed the next morning, with the empty bottle in his hand. At the Coroner's inquest the jury censured the dispensary man for giving out medicines unaccompanied by written directions as to the quantity to be taken; and this, we suppose, is all that could reasonably be expected from them, though they might have said much more. Who that has any acquaintance with the poor is not aware that a great deal of not only unnecessary, but highly injurious, physic is regularly carried on; "just a little"—oh! that the meaning of the word were more strictly defined!—"medicine for the children once a week to keep them in good health," with a thorough doctoring (necessitating confinement to the house) at the "rise" and "fall" of the season! There can be no question that an immense amount of harm is done in this way to the children of the poor; while amongst the upper classes, and the higher section of the middle classes, the evil is, we regret to know, also to be found in baneful operation; though, in the latter cases, it assumes a different form. Every candid physician of large practice will confess that a large proportion of the cases to which he is called to administer are such as require neither the advice of a doctor nor the use of a drug, and, unhappily, most of such voluntary patients, eager to display their tongues to the inspection and to submit their pulses to the titillation of the fashionable physician of town or village, and to reveal to him the mysteries of their digestion and other functions, are women. Of these there are many, doubtless, who are afflicted with that may be considered a real malady—hypochondria. Such believe themselves to be ill, and in fact are so, and require, if not a doctor or a drug, both physical and moral treatment. There are many more, however, who know that they are well, and yet pretend to be ill. It seems strange that anyone should be so fond of being drenched with drugs and scorched with blisters as to affect a disease that does not exist. A celebrated divine, in making an eloquent appeal in behalf of a city dispensary, assured his listeners that they might bestow their money without fear of its being wasted upon impostors, for where, he asked, could you find a human being who would take a taste of castor-oil, or the sensation of an active dose of Epsom salts? If, however, forced to resort to the unsophisticated and the poor, who are handling of the dispensary doctor, they are found among the rich and delicate females who compose the larger portion of the patients of the sympathetic physician of fashion, and it would be a happy thing if some philanthropic individual would set herself to work to find for such *soi-disant* patients a less injurious method of securing sympathy.

PARIS, notable as the head-quarters of trickery, no less than the centre of Fashion and the hot-bed of scandal, has afforded the police an opportunity of displaying their vigilance in the suppression of a gang of swindling robbers. They were under the command of a stout middle-aged woman named Catherine Koller, who planned the operations and distributed the parts. Her lieutenant, who did the active work out of doors, was a young Genevese girl, Marie Antoine, who found an ally in her sweetheart, Eugene Delvaux. The various women used to be posted at the omnibus stations at Paris. A very useful member of the sisterhood was a big *paysanne* who bustled about in the crowd, making vigorous play with her legs and arms, while her companions profited by the disorder thus created to rifle the pockets of bystanders. The *paysanne* has escaped, but Koller, Antoine, and Legon have been convicted and sentenced, the first to six months' imprisonment and two years' surveillance, and the other to four months' imprisonment. Any of our readers visiting the gay city, or, indeed, even travelling much in London, may learn from this the real origin of many of the disturbances that are met with in the streets, and should act accordingly.

A TERRIBLE tragedy in high life is reported as having taken place at Ventimiglia, the extreme limit of the Italian kingdom, on the road from Genoa to Nice. A certain Cologne lady, named Emilia Mavuzzi, by marriage Baroness Ruggi, had formed a very intimate friendship with the young Count of Villafranca, one of the sons of the deposed Duchess of Parma. In the course of time the youthful Count desired to drop the connection, gave the lady the slip, and took refuge in Nice, whither he was speedily followed by his mistress, who taxed him with his heartless ingratitude, and so obstinately refused to be separated from the object of her passion, that the latter, at his wit's end, was fain to have recourse to the strong arm of authority, and obtained from the French Government an order for the expulsion of Baroness Ruggi from the Imperial territory. The lady was escorted to the Italian confine, and took up her residence at Ventimiglia. But even there the fugitive was not left long undisturbed. She was still too near to Nice for his Royal Highness the ex-Duke of Parma, who applied again for protection to the French Government, by whose instrumentality an order was obtained from Florence directing the lady to choose another place of residence, at a greater distance from the frontier. She was summoned to Porto Maurizio, and enjoined to take her departure from Ventimiglia within a specified period. The Baroness, however, resisted the order, alleging her rights as an Italian subject, and declaring that she would never be removed alive from the place in which she had fixed her abode. The Delegate of Public Security in Ventimiglia had received his instructions, and announced his intention of carrying them into effect. The Baroness telegraphed to the Central Government, but without effect, and when the Delegate went to the *Albergo del Sale* on the day appointed for the removal, the Baroness was found dead in her sleeping-room. She had suffocated herself with the fumes of burning charcoal. On her table were found a few lines in writing; they ran as follows:—"I am weary of life, and seek for relief in death. The Count of Villafranca is the cause of my death."

ANOTHER dreadful tragedy is reported from France. The Court of Assizes at Ajaccio has just tried a woman named Maria Castola on the charge of burning to death a married woman whom she considered her rival. The victim had gone from her husband's house to visit her parents and recover her health, and on her return she found Castola occupying the position of her husband's mistress. Quarrels took place between the two women, and the accused finished the affair by forcibly placing her wife upon the fire and holding her there until she was literally roasted to death. The husband was not implicated, no charge being made against him. Maria Castola was condemned to hard labour for life.

THOUGH the fact of the necessity for the existence of such institutions can scarcely by any stretch of the imagination be accounted matter for congratulation, England may well be proud of the many noble charities that are to be found in her domain—for what open-handed liberality, what self-denyings for what open-handed patient, unostentatious continuance in well-doing, what practical sympathy with those less highly favoured with this world's goods, do they evidence on the part of their supporters! One of the most useful and unpretending of the many deserving institutions that we might enumerate is undoubtedly the Royal Maternity Charity, which provides gratuitous medical advice and medicines for poor married women in their lying-in at their own homes, no matter where situated so long as within a radius of three miles from St. Paul's Cathedral. We learn from an advertisement in another column that 3,650 women were thus assisted last year, and that the majority of the deliveries effected through the charity are by women's ministrations, that is, by the 35 specially instructed midwives in the charity's employ; there will, however, always be cases in which resort must be had to the physicians or their representatives in their several districts. Last year there were 91 of these difficult cases, and yet among the 3,650 patients seven deaths only, from all causes, occurred. The committee have now determined, after a lapse of six years, to have a public dinner to recruit the funds, on the occasion of the charity's 111th anniversary. Sir John Lubbock, Bart., F.R.S., has consented to preside, and the dinner is fixed for the 24th March next, at the London Tavern, Bishopsgate-street, when it is hoped that the old and tried friends of the institution will rally round it, and that all who can sympathise with woman in poverty and privation at one of the most critical and trying periods of her existence, will lend a helping hand to a charity specially devoted to woman's relief at that anxious season; a charity which works so extensively, yet so quietly, that it may not inaptly be said of it, that it does good by stealth, and is not ambitious to find it fame.

The Newest Fashions.

At the present moment, nothing is more fashionable than as an addition to toilettes for evening parties or theatres than the Marie Antoinette *fichous* we have so often mentioned, and which we have already described to our readers as forming a pointed *berthe* at the back of the corsage, crossing upon the bosom, and tying behind, or, rather, being secured there by a handsome bow of ribbon, two sash-like ends hanging about half-way down the skirt behind. Any one with taste may easily make one or two of these *berthes*, which have the advantage of forming suitable ornaments for several skirts. For instance, some black, rather stiff net, may be cut to the shape as a foundation. Round the top arrange a broad black lace, measuring about two inches in depth, with the points downwards, and place a narrow edging upright, tacking rose-coloured satin ribbon quilling between the two. At the lower edge, place on two rows of the black lace, slightly full, and at the top of each place a rose satin quilling. Fill the space between the upper and lower trimmings with narrow black ribbon velvet, placed on in lattice work and arranged upon the net first. The ends that form sashes behind are trimmed all round like the lower edge of the *berthe* portion. A handsome knot of broad rose-coloured satin ribbons, arranged as flat, unpleated bows and long ends, should secure the *fichou* at the back, and a second knot of ribbons may, if desired, be placed in the centre of the dress in front. This *berthe* can be worn with a white, a black, or a grey skirt. A similar *fichou* may be made substituting bars of coloured velvet for the black. Some fine tulle or net should be placed over the foundation beneath where the velvet crosses.

A more elegant *fichou* of this shape may be composed

of *bullionnes* of green crape, divided with cordons of green velvet leaves, with gold or silver cord, or ruffles of white blonde. Another in simple white tulle, covered with fine tulle ruffles, glittering with diamond dust, and arranged horizontally. A third, made of tulle ruffles thus arranged, is dotted with tiny pink flounces or leaves. Another, covered with rows of narrow black lace, is headed by *rouleaux* of violet satin, of the gaslight shade, and the shoulders are trimmed with knots of violet velvet.

A ball or dinner-dress of pink satin is half covered with a tunic of pink crape striped with rows of white blonde lace. It is gathered on both sides in festoons by pendant branches of roses powdered with diamond dust. The *berthe* is formed by a series of long ends of pink crape framed in white blonde lace, and ornamented round the top with a cordon of roses powdered with diamond dust.

Paye is a material now much in use for dresses; it is unwatered *moire*, if we may be allowed to use such an anachronism. The first skirt is ornamented all round the hem by large flat rosettes of pink satin, which is somewhat short, is trimmed by five folds of white satin, below which falls a fringe of lilies of the valley formed of pearls. The bodice is cut with points before and behind, and is edged with satin folds, and the *berthe* is a drapery of pink crape, below which falls a fringe of pearls similar to that on the skirt. The sleeves are of pink crape *bullionne*, crossed by fine *rouleaux* of satin.

Fanchou bonnets, it is said, have again been seen in Paris, with the Spanish veil added. Head-dresses follow the same style. Muslin or tulle may be cut into a pretty back and front, or cut almost into a lozenge, like some we recently described, with rosettes of Valenciennes in the corners. A medallion of fine embroidery, framed in Valenciennes lace occupies the centre. Bunches of ribbons must be adjusted on one side near the front, and the lappets must be edged with Valenciennes sewn on with leaves.

Another head-dress is composed of folds of pink crape, prevailing secured by a leaf of *guirpue*. Just now the head, like a hood. A very pretty one may be made of into vandykes. A crystal pear falls from every point, and frosted with crystal.

Another bonnet of a lighter kind is made with tulle and mantilla on the neck, the trimming to which is pink blonde.

A tuft of white feathers rests on one side. A pretty grey crape bonnet with lappets of grey velvet and a white feather powdered with silver.

Another bonnet, *fanchou*-shaped, of white satin, bears at the back, towards the centre, a medallion of garnet-coloured velvet, edged with bows of the same.

The front is also pointed, with a smaller medallion, covered by a bunch of garnet velvet leaves, and inside is a fall of Honiton lace across the brow.

Many ball dresses this year are worn short, and consist of a petticoat or first skirt of *gros grain* or *tuffus* trimmed on the hem, and above this a skirt of tulle, *crepe*, or net, open in front, and looped up round the skirt in the shepherdess or Watteau style. We will describe one of those in which the under-skirt is of white *gros grain*, bound, and have two stripes of very narrow pink ribbon doubled and run on. They are set on with a slight heading, bound with pink, round the hem. An upper skirt or looped train of white *acrophane* is open in front, caught back on either side of the front, and looped round the skirt with ribbons, in the centre of which there are roses and lilies of the valley. The bodice is pointed, but square in the neck, with a stomacher front of white *gros grain* striped with pink, and trimmed round the stomacher with pink piping. Or an ordinary *corsage* may be added with a drapery of white *crepe*, with a pink fringe falling below it, and bunches of ribbons, roses, and lilies on each shoulder. The feet are eased in high-low shoes of white kid with pink heels, and huge flat bows of broad pink ribbon covering the entire instep.

An elegant dress for a bride is of rich white satin made perfectly plain, long, and trainy, with a plain high *corsage*, and long close sleeves. A tunic of Honiton lace as long as the satin skirt behind, and somewhat shorter in front, is looped on each side of the front by a small bouquet of bridal flowers. A cordon of flowers runs from the satin waistband down the centre of the lace tunic to the extreme edge, but does not raise or displace it. A few flowers or a Sevigné brooch close the throat of the *corsage*, and a veil of plain tulle with a broad hem is secured on the centre of the brow by a rosette of flowers. It falls of equal length on each side of the face almost as long as the dress, and equally long all round behind. A

It is also suitable on a strip of violet, blue, or scarlet cashmere in black tubular braid. The outer edging of *passeneterie*, with or without beads. When completed, the strip of coloured cashmere may be sewn on a black, grey or different coloured skirt, about four inches above the hem. It makes a handsome bordering.

GIVEN AWAY.

PATTERN FOR A MARIE ANTOINETTE FICHOU

On receipt of an addressed, stamped envelope. Letters received on Monday and Tuesday will be answered before the end of the week.

The Toilette.

THE HAIR.

The following interesting facts in reference to human hair will probably be new to many of our readers.

When hairs are left to their natural growth, they attain a certain length, and are then thrown off by a process analogous to the change of the coat in animals, or the moult of birds, their place being supplied by young hairs, which grow from the same tubes; and this temporary decadence of the hair occurs, also, when it is kept cut of moderate length.

The ordinary length of the hair of the head, as deduced from its measurement in women, ranges between twenty inches and a yard, the latter being considered as unusually long. But in some instances the length is much greater; a case has come to our notice of a lady in whom it measures two yards, and trails on the ground when she stands erect.

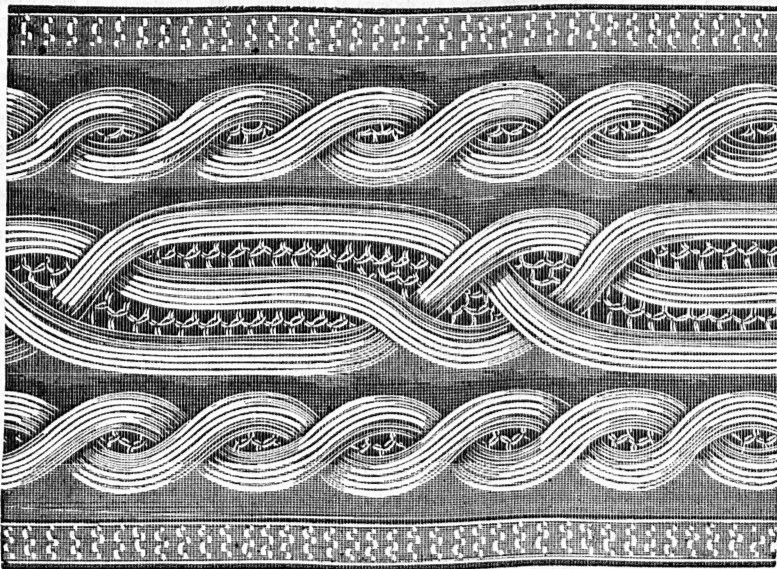
The shape of individual hairs is cylindrical for the smaller kinds, and more or less oval for those which grow to any length. The hairs of the head are never perfectly cylindrical, and those of the eyebrows and beard are more or less oval in contour. When left to their natural growth, the end or tip is always conical or pointed.

With respect to colour, as a condition associated with diversity in thickness, modern observations tend to show that flaxen is the finest, and black the coarsest hair. Gray hairs commonly represent in thickness the colour which they succeed; but, as a general rule, white hairs which intrude themselves as age advances, are coarser than the hairs among which they are found.

The hair-tubes are not placed perpendicularly, but obliquely in the skin; hence the direction of the hairs after their escape from the tubes, is in the same sense inclined towards the surface; and the "set" of the hair, from the root to the point, is governed by a law as precise as that which regulates any other of the secondary vital functions. Thus, on the head, the hair radiates from a single point, the *crown*, to every part of the circumference, making a gentle sweep behind, towards the left, and in front, to the right. The direction of this sweep is naturally indicated in the heads of children.

Mr. Cooley's remarks on the treatment of the hair, in his "Toilet and Cosmetic Arts," are so much to the purpose that we cannot do better than refer to them at this point. Medical writers, he observes, have frequently pointed out the ill effects of the free use of oils or greasy articles for the hair; but their warnings appear to be unheeded by the generality of the public. Erasmus Wilson, one of the most eminent and practical of those writers, objects to their use altogether. There are exceptions to every rule, however. The ill effects referred to chiefly occur from oils, &c., being used when not required, and in excess, and the evils are aggravated by the neglect of thorough cleanliness. It may be here remarked that liquid oleaginous substances appear to be more congenial to the hair and scalp than solid ones—this is ally pomatums or pomades are inferior to oils—though each is alike injurious when unnecessarily used or in excess. Among the former the bland oils—as those of helen, the olive, and the almond—hold the first place; among the latter the soft fat of the ox and the calf, clarified beef-marrow, veal suet, and fresh hog's-lard are to be preferred. The addition of wax to oils or fats, to give them greater consistence, renders them more "clogging," and is also, more objectionable. Thus it is that "lard pomatum," as it is called, is injurious. The only way in which it can safely be used, is under the form of *cosmétique*, merely to lay or set the hair.

To improve the growth and luxuriance of the hair, when languid or defective, the only natural and perfectly safe method that can be adopted is to promote the healthy action of the skin of the scalp, by increasing the vigour of the circulation of the blood through the minute vessels. For this purpose, nothing is so simple and effective as gentle excitation of the skin by frequent application of the hair-brush. The object may be further promoted by the application of any simple cosmetic wash, or other preparation, that will gently excite and stimulate the skin, or exercise a tonic action on it without clogging its pores. Strong rosemary water, or rosemary tea, and a weak solution of the essential oil of either rosemary or golden thyme, are popular articles of this kind. They may be rendered more stimulating by the addition of a little ammonia, or a little spirit (spirits of wine or good rum), or both of them. The skin of the head should be moistened with them on each occasion of dressing the hair, and their diffusion and action promoted by the use of a clean hair-brush. When the skin is dry, and wrinkled, astringent washes may be used. Strong black tea is a convenient and excellent application of this kind. When the skin and hair are dry, and the latter also stiff and untractable, a little glycerine is an appropriate addition to each of the preceding washes or lotions. When the hair is unnaturally greasy and lax, a defect that seldom occurs, the use of an astringent wash, or of a little simple oil slightly scented with the essential oil of almonds, will tend to remove or lessen it.



FANCY TRIMMING FOR A PETTICOAT.

second rosette of flowers rests on one side towards the top of the *chignon* under the veil.

A simple evening dress of white silk, white muslin, or white tulle for a young lady may be made with a box-pleated flounce twelve inches deep, bound with pink taffetas or edged with ribbon an inch wide. It is headed by three straight rows of inch-wide ribbon. The bodice is cut *decollete*, edged with two rows of pink ribbon which cross the shoulders. The sleeves are simple puffs, and the *corsage* completed by a chemise of finely-pleated muslin, edged with lace. A pink sash is tied behind. A shepherdess wreath of roses or of pink ribbon with long ends behind completes this toilette. Velvet may be substituted for the ribbon with excellent effect, and a Metternich green will be a pretty exchange for pink.

For a walking dress, a grey or a green poplinette, made long, with a tight body with small braces, and coat sleeves, may be trimmed with three rows of ribbon velvet over the braces, which do not meet at the waist but come down at the sides, back, and front, so that the trimming can be carried down the skirt, twice at the back, and as a robing in front, ending at the hem. It is not carried round the skirt. The sleeves are sloped round, cut up at the back of the cuff in an inverted point, edged thrice with velvet, and a false under-cuff has also three bands of velvet round it. The throat is cut in points.

OUR ILLUSTRATION.

FANCY TRIMMING FOR A PETTICOAT.

This trimming is laid on a cashmere, rep, camelot, or serge petticoat with thick white worsted braid, flat or tubular. A strip of fancy lace net is tacked first under the braiding. The centre twist may be sewn on a much larger scale, with flat white braid, with flat jet buttons placed at intervals. It also looks well for children's and girls' dresses.

MATEUR.—The only effectual method that we know of for ridding the plants of the pest is continual brushing, sponging, and washing with a mixture of tobacco-water and soft soap.

COMMUNICATIONS from Trust (Poplar); Benjamin Higgins (MS. returned), and H. A., are declined with thanks.

Notes Interesting and Odd.

We learn from an American paper that January 30th was set apart as a day of "fasting and prayer to Almighty God to deliver the people of Alabama from the horrors of negro domination."

SINGULAR DISCOVERY OF HOARDED MONEY.—There died in Coventry, a few days since, an elderly unmarried man named Palmer. Just before his death, being unable to speak, he wrote down the strange information that, in an old coat, up the chimney, would be found £550 in sovereigns. The relatives to whom this disclosure was made at once went to the chimney indicated, and there found a coat, and in the pocket the cash as described. The dying man then became distressed, and gave the surprised relatives to understand that that was not where he must himself find it; but he could not tell them where more money about the house; as Palmer was unable to do this, he died, taking the secret of the hiding-place of this additional hoard with him. A suggestive part of the story is that there have been already a number of applications for the house lately occupied by the deceased. Palmer always appeared a very poor man, earning, apparently, an honest but scanty living by the sale of sweetmeats to children.

THE EXPERIMENT made by the Marchioness of Ailesbury in establishing a cottage hospital at Savernake, near Marlborough, appears to have succeeded admirably. At the annual meeting held a few days ago, under the presidency of the Marquis of Ailesbury, K.G., the report was read by the Rev. J.C. Stephens, hon. secretary to the institution, and the document showed that during the past year the hospital had been a great success made to the end of the year. It was also reported that 79 cases had been received into the hospital (making up nine beds only), 40 of which were discharged cured, 28 were relieved, 20 pronounced incurable, and two fatal.

A SLEEPY BRIDE.—The New Orleans Crescent gets the following from one of the Sisters of Charity at an hospital in that city:—"Sister Mary condescended to be our guide through the building, and entered the tower with an account of a singular marriage that took place during the morning in the chapel. Some time ago the newspapers announced that a young man had attempted to commit suicide in the town by shooting himself. He was taken to the Hôtel Dieu, and it was feared the wound was mortal; but with the care he received he was out of danger in a few days. The cause of his attempt to destroy himself then became known. The lady in love. His promise to marry her three times to marry him, and disappointed him every time. The last was too much, and a bullet aimed at the heart was to end his misery. The cruel lady visited him at the hospital, and there she pledged herself to him again. The ceremony was to have taken place at eight o'clock the next morning. The lady again failed. The expected groom was in a wretched state of mind till he received a message from her that she had overslept herself, and would be with him at eleven o'clock. At that hour she was there, and the ceremony took place in the chapel. Only think of a bride sending word that she had overslept herself!"

A PARISIAN DAIRYMAN has taken an action against a Russian Princess to recover £20, the amount of his bill for milk supplied to the Princess's household. The milk was not pure. The dairyman denies the soft impeachment, stating that he himself poured the milk into the bath, and that the Princess added the water. The trial promises some amusement.

THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS, a few evenings ago, went to the Gymnase Theatre to see the piece called *Count James*. There is a pretty rôle in the drama, wherein a poor peasant girl cannot marry owing to her inability to procure £40. The young actress who interpreted this part so naturally was sent next day, through the manager, the sum of £40 by the Emperor, with the hope that there would no longer be any impediment to her happiness.

A new plan has been adopted at Cheltenham in order to avoid the answering of the door which leaving cards after a party necessitates. A chair with a large bowl on it, is placed either in the porch or within the hall door, which is left open, and the visitors content themselves with putting their cards in the bowl, without so much annoying the bell.

THERE WAS AN immense crowd at the last ball given at the Tuileries, and an English lady attracted more attention than admiration by wearing a dress of mauve silk literally covered from head to foot with green flowers.

THE Post-office department at Washington has in its dead-letter office more than 10,000 photographs of Union soldiers, which accumulated during the war.

A NEW WAY OF POPPING THE QUESTION.—The following advertisement, which at least, possesses the merit of plain speaking, appears in a Glasgow newspaper:—"Matrimony! I beg to intimate that I want a respectable woman to become my wife. She must have a good character, and be a good writer; not less than 30, and not more than 40 years of age. Having been ill-used by a few of the fair sex I now wish to settle down in life, and to find a time any woman will have given this office if they don't apply now they will lose the chance. Having published three volumes of my life, and travelled through the three kingdoms, and a part of the United States and Canada, there is no doubt but I will make a very interesting husband. Apply by letter, enclosing *carte de visite*, or personally to—"

LEAF-YEAR PRIVILEGE.—The privilege of ladies choosing husbands is thus explained in a work entitled "Courtship, Love, and Matrimony," printed in the year 1606: "Albeit it is now become a part of the common law, in regard to social relations of life, that as often as every bi-sexual year doth return, the ladies have the sole privilege, during the time it continueth, of making love unto the men, which they do either by words or by looks as to them it seemeth proper; and moreover, no man will be entitled to the benefit of clergy who doth in any wise treat her proposal with slight or contumely."

A GENTLEMAN was once riding in Scotland by a bleaching ground, where a woman was at work watering her webs of linen cloth. He asked her where she went to church, what she heard on the preceding day, and how much she remembered. She could not even tell the text of the last sermon. "And what good can the preaching do you?" said he, "if you forget it all?" "Ah, sir," replied the poor woman, "if you look at this web on the grass, you will see that as fast as over I put the water on it, the sun dries it all up; and yet, sir, see it grows whiter and whiter."

EXTRAORDINARY BIRTHS.—It is related by Burdock that the wife of a countryman, in the Moscow district, had given birth to sixty-nine children at 27 confinements; four times at one birth, seven times 3, and sixteen times twins. In the year 1839 the Vienna newspapers contained the following announcement:

—"Marian Anna Helen, the wife of a poor linen weaver in Neulerchenfeld, twenty years married, bore at eleven confinements 32 children 28 living, and 4 dead; 26 were males and 6 females; all were by one father, and nursed by herself. She had at her last confinement three children, one living and two dead. Her husband was a twin, she herself one of four. Her mother had produced 38 children, and died during a confinement with twins. The greatest number of children ever produced at a birth appears to have been six, all of whom were boys, and all dead; and the woman who gave birth to them had been twice married, and had already given birth to 44 children. During her first marriage, which lasted twenty-two years, she bore 27 boys and 3 girls. In her second marriage, which lasted but three years, she bore 14 children—3 at the first, 6 at the second, and 6 at the third confinement."

THE MILLENIUM OF FASHION.—Ladies can afford to laugh at "the sarcasm" which is thrown upon the fashions of the day, especially when it takes the comical form of the following fashion report:—"A lady continues to be worn, one on each side of the nose, and immediately above the brows. There has been some talk of substituting a single orb of increased size and brilliancy in the centre of the brow; but after all our achievements in lightning speed, the world moves slowly, and the idea of a change in the number of eyes to be worn has not been favourably received, notwithstanding its many advantages; but the colour is varied to suit the occasion, and just now the prevailing tint is green—a fine green. This shade can be had, acquired in Baden Baden, by continued contemplation of the delicious toilettes of the *demi monde*, but may be obtained in Paris, Saratoga, or on Broadway. Black, blue and gray, are still worn in the home circle, and are found very becoming in the nursery, at the family tea table, and social evening gatherings. Noises maintain their position on the centre of the face. The Grecian or aquiline is generally preferred, but the snobs have held their position on pretty faces, in defiance of a most determined opposition, and at present are looking up. Lips are midway between the nose and point of the chin, and are a pale pink. The coral variety is no longer tolerated, except in girls not yet come out. Teeth will be somewhat larger, and of a bluish tint, to correspond with the green of the hair, which must be dead white and magenta red. Ears are worn, one on each side of the head, with the hair all carried up so as to give them a peculiar appearance of alertness." There is some prospect of having them pointed."

We were considerably amused the other evening, writes an American editor, at three little girls playing among the sage brush in a back yard. Two of them were "making believe to keep house" a few yards distant from each other—nursing as it were. One of them says to the third little girl: "There, now, Nelly, you go to Sarah's house, and stop a little while and talk, and then you come back and tell me what she says about me, and then I'll talk about her; then you go and tell her all I say, and then we'll get out and don't speak to each other, just as our mothers do, you know. O, that'll be such fun."

WHEN MIDDLE Lucia made her debut at St. Petersburg as Marguerite in Gounod's "Faust," the enthusiasm she created was so great that she was called before the curtain twenty-two times. She has since sung in the "Africaine" and in "Don Giovanni." When singing Zerlina she was encored twice in the second act, and the demands for double repetition of a later song were so vehement that the Emperor had to give the signal for the performance to proceed. The demands for encore continued to be so frequent that a public notice was issued by the management to say she could sing her music only twice.

A QUAKER gentleman, riding in a carriage with a fashionable lady, decked with profusion of jewels, heard her complain of the cold. Shivering in her lace bonnet and shawl as light as a cobweb, she exclaimed, "What shall I do to get warm?" I really don't know," replied the Quaker, solemnly, "unless there should put on another breast-pin."

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

THE will of the Right Hon. Lady Selina Constance Henry has just been proved. Her Ladyship was the daughter of the first Marquis of Hastings, and married Charles John Henry Esq.

The will of Lady Salisbury, widow of Sir T. R. Salisbury, Bart., was proved under £1,000; and that of Lady Preston, relict of Sir R. Preston, Bart., under £90,000.

The will of John Clark-Kennedy, C.B., Colonel Commandant Military Train, was proved under £9,000; that of Colonel John Hemo-Purves under £2,000; and that of General John de la Jones Hyde, of H.M. Indian Army, under £16,000, of which he leaves about £9,000 in charitable legacies.

The will of Charles Giles B. Daubeny, M.D., F.R.S., Professor of Botany and Rural Economy at the University of Oxford, was proved under £25,000; that of Alexander John Sutherland, M.D., F.R.S., F.R.C.S., under £40,000; that of John Lloyd Morgan, M.D., of Havfordwest, under £35,000; and that of John Knox Vaid, M.D., under £18,000.

The will of Thomas Lawrence Ward, Esq., formerly of the office of Her Majesty's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and of Wimbledon, Surrey, was proved under £145,000; that of Charles Dymley, Esq., many years one of the deputy registrars of the Prerogative Court of Canterbury, under £8,000; and that of Frederick Sligh, Esq., secretary of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway, under £5,000.

The will of Miss Elizabeth F. Wyatt, of Oxford-terrace, Hyde-park, was proved under £25,000. She has bequeathed to the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, £500; the Royal Free Hospital and St. George's Hospital, each £200; the Central London Ophthalmic Hospital, £200; the Infant Orphan Asylum, Wandsworth, £150; the Dudley Street Nightly Refuge for Houseless Poor, and the London Society for Promoting Christianity amongst the Jews, £100 each.

The will of Miss Jane Chapman, of Rodney House, Clifton, Gloucester, was proved under £30,000. She has bequeathed to the "Finnelys" Schools, in the East Indies, the schools at Christchurch, St. George's-in-the-East, and Golden-Common School, Twyford, each £100; the Governors' Benevolent Institution, Church Missionary Society, London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews, Deaf and Dumb Asylum, Church Pastoral Aid Society, National Benevolent Institution, and the London Orphan Asylum, each £50; the Blind Asylum, Deaf and Dumb Asylum at Clifton, Bath General and United Hospitals, and the London City Mission, £25 each.

MARATILLA COCOA.—Sole Proprietors, TAYLOR BROTHERS, London.—The Cocoa of the Cape of Natal, the true *Theobroma Cacao* is indigenous to South America, of which Maratilla is a favoured portion. Taylor Brothers having secured the exclusive supply of this natural cocoa, have prepared the purest and most delicious chocolate and elaborate machinery, produced what is so undeniably the perfection of prepared cocoa, that it has not only secured the preference of housekeepers and cocoa drinkers generally, but many who had hitherto been in the habit of preparing to suit them, have, after one trial, adopted the Maratilla Cocoa as their constant beverage for breakfast, luncheon, &c. This cocoa, while preserving all the delicate and aromatic qualities of the natural cocoa, in the grateful aroma, exquisitely delicious flavour, smoothness upon the palate, and perfect solubility. Sold in packets only, (lb., 10b., and 1lb., by all grocers.

The Humourist.

The dancing-master's paradise—A hop garden.

DEAR ESTIMATE—Venison.

TITLE golden mean—A rich miser.

AN ex-plainor—A retired carpenter.

BURNING words—A dictionary in flames.

WHAT is the best colour for a good action?—Dun.

"The Voices of the night"—Those blessed babies.

THE best capital to begin life with is a capital wife.

WHAT tree of three letters may be spelt with one?—The Yew.

WHY is a parish bell like a good story?—Because it is often told.

WHY was the first day of Adam's life the longest ever known?—Because it had no Eve.

WE think this extract from a medical advertisement is about correct:—"Cough while you can, for after you have taken out bottle of my mixture you can't."

A GENTLEMAN wishing, not long since, to "pop the question," took up the young lady's cat, and said, "Pussy, may I have your mistress?" It was answered by the lady, "Say yes, pussy."

"Never listen to flatterers," said a mother to her daughter. "Why, mother, how shall I know that they flatter without I listen?" Was the quick response of young Miss.

WHY is flirtation like plate powder?—Because it rubs up the spoons.

WHY is it foolish to attempt to catch the 12.50 train to Dover?—Because it is 10 to 1 if you do.

WHY is fashionable society like a warming pan?—Because it is highly polished, but very hollow.

WHAT perfume is most injurious to female beauty?—The essence of thyme.

RECENTLY a villager was drowned in the Tagus. The Mayor ordered a search for the body, and described the deceased as follows: Dark complexion; tall; marked impediment in his speech.

AN editor at a dinner-table being asked if he would take some pudding, replied, in a fit of candour, "Owing to a crowd of other matter I am unable to find room for it."

AN American paper in puffing up a certain soap, says it is the "best ever used for cleaning a dirty man's face. We have tried it and therefore we know."

FOR several weeks a rural journal kept the following conspicuously at the head of its local column: "Boy wanted at this office." A few days since the editor's wife presented him with a "boy," which, in a highly significant way, shows the value of advertising.

A SECRET.

Ye helles, who of your bouxs so fine

Can boast, pray let me tell of mine.

He's young and handsome, brave and gay,

Most amiable, and *tout-à-fait*;

He's very rich, in person, nice,

Without a blemish or a vice;

He's very wise, and very witty,

And very fond of London and city.

To me he's very, very kind,

And very much he's to my mind.

Now what a pity he's not real,

My bean is but a Bean Ideal.

THE MIMIC CALIBREON.—This is a marvellous personal accessory; its portability is such that it can be conveniently carried in pocket or reticule, yet, without, for small services, is as efficient as a kitchen fire. No fuel required. Early or late, in railway carriages, or elsewhere, boiling water, tea or coffee is obtained in five minutes. No annoyance to trouble. In the Mimic Calibreon you can peach or boil eggs, potatoes, peas, tripe, or trouters, stew or fry mushrooms, oysters, eels, frogs, sausages, chops, bacon, fish, &c. Cost of use, one to two pence. Price 3s. 9d., or with frying-pan, 4s. 9d.; large size, 5s. 9d., or with frying-pan, 6s. 9d. Sent anywhere on receipt of three stamps extra to THOS. GRANTVELL FORTER, Stella Lamp Depot, 11, Oxford-street, London.—[ADVT.]

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—Merit Rewarded.—This famous family medicine has withstood the test of time and the most unrelenting opposition. These pills are a direct purifier of the blood, and all other fluids of the human body. Drops of the disease, early springing up in the blood, or in the bowels, without the means of arresting disease at its onset, such means are safely and surely presented in these excellent pills, when they are timely taken, and acts as a mild and efficient purgative. These pills are strongly recommended to those persons who are constitutionally weak, and whose nervous systems have been shattered by illness; on such they will confer immediate comfort and relief.—[ADVT.]

JUDG AND GLASS, Printers by Steam Power, will be happy to send an application, Estimates and Specimens of Type. They have special facilities for the production of Jobbing Printing, as well as Pamphlets, Books, and Newspapers.—Phoenix Printing Works, St. Andrew's Hill, Doctors' Commons.—[ADVT.]

"His HIGHNESS PALMER NARDELON BONAPARTE desires another pair of your excellent Hunting Boots; those that he has received fit very well."—S. W. NUNNAN makes these boots of Russia and English leather, adapted for shooting, Alpine, Fishing, or Marching Boots.—Oakley Corner, 114 and 116, Westminster-bridge-road, London.

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

BIRTHS.

On the 15th inst., at Harewood House, Leeds, the Countess of Harewood, of a son.

On the 15th inst., at Hadow Park, Kent, Lady Yardley, of a son.

On the 15th inst., the wife of Major St. Leger, Park Hill, Yorkshire, of a son.

On the 17th inst., at Addlestone Park, Surrey, the wife of Arthur Humphreys, Esq., of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

On the 15th inst., at the parish church of All Saints, Paddington, by the Rev. George Musgrave, of Borden Rectory, Kent, the Right Hon. George Edward Thicknesse-Touchet, Lord Audley, to Margaret Anne, widow of James Williams Smith, Esq., of 15, Gloucester-square, Hyde-park, and sister of the Rev. Thomas Dawson Thicknesse, of Exmouth Hall, Hert.

On the 15th inst., at Haynes, Faversham, F. W. von Schwartz, Esq., of a son; Marie Anne Eugénie, youngest daughter of A. Frère de Saint, Esq., of Havre.

DEATHS.

On the 14th inst., at her residence, 12, Warwick-square, S.W., in her 70th year, the Lady Henry Spencer Churchill, widow of William Whitely, Esq., of a son.

On the 15th inst., at 40, Upper Brook-street, Laura, the wife of Lord Crarworth, in the 61st year of her age.

On the 12th ult., at Government House, St. Lucia, West Indies, Virginia, the beloved wife of His Honour James Major Grant, Administrator of the Government.

On the 8th inst., at Vienna, Laura Maria, widow of the late Major-Gen. R. Henderson, C.B., Maudie, aged 55.

On the 12th inst., at Bourne-on-Humber, sudbury, Jane, wife of the Rev. Richard Payne, vicar of Downton, aged 51.

On the 16th inst., at Singu, Gungunghashere, Sarah Lewis, aged 76, for 46 years the truly faithful and devoted servant of Mr. Vivian.

[* * * These announcements are inserted at the charge of 2s. 6d.]

G. and F. KING,
LINEN DRAPERS,
YORK HOUSE,
High Street, St. John's Wood.

INDIA FINISHED LONG CLOTH.
5s. 11d., 6s. 11d., 8s. 11d., 10s. 11d., per Piece of 12 Yards.
PATTERNS POST FREE.

TO LADIES.

MR. FREDERICK BEVILLE begs to invite attention to the extraordinary prices at which he is now offering every description of Undergarments—Chemises, from 1s. 6d. to 1s. 6d.; Night Dresses, from 3s. 11d.; White Skirts, from 5s. 11d.; Over-Skirts, from 1s. 11d.; Stays, from 2s. 11d.; Crinolines, from 1s. 11d.; Pelisses, from 6s. 11d.; Frocks, from 1s. 11d.; Robes, from 6s. 11d.; Hosiery, Woolen Goods, Gloves, Ribbons, Lace Goods, and a large Fancy Stock of Novelties.
31, OXFORD STREET, LONDON.
(A few doors from Parkins and Gatto's).

THE GUINEA BONNET.

MRS. HALL,

304, REGENT STREET (nearly opposite the Polytechnic),
Begs to inform the Nobility and Gentry that her Show-rooms are now open with
THE GREATEST NOVELTIES IN WINTER BONNETS,
At One Guinea and upwards.
Selected from the first houses in Paris.

BRIDAL BONNETS, WREATHS, AND VEILS.
MOURNING Orders punctually attended to.
304, REGENT STREET, W.

UNUSUAL OPPORTUNITY.—Extraordinary SALE of a BANKRUPT STOCK of JACKETS—1,300 good and useful jackets, rich in quality, worth 27s. 6d., are marked 6s. 11d. 970 jackets, originally 2 guineas, will be sold for 10s. 6d. each. Shippers and wholesale dealers supplied. Upon receipt of stamps a sample forwarded.—CHAS. AMOTT and CO., 61 and 62, St. Paul's, London.

EXTRAORDINARY BARGAINS IN COSTUMES.—During the SALE we shall dispose of the whole of our splendid velvet costumes and French ready-made dresses. Elegant dresses, ready-made, worth £2 for 1 guinea; magnificent velvet costumes, worth £3 for 15s. 6d.—CHAS. AMOTT and CO., 61 and 62, St. Paul's, London.

JUVENILE AND PROMENADE JAPANESE SILKS.—CHAS. AMOTT and CO., St. Paul's, will sell TO-DAY, 2,000 beautiful Japanese Silks, rose, pink, maize, silver grey, blue, and also useful colours, at £1 3s. 6d. full dress, worth 3 guineas. Patterns post free.—61 and 62, St. Paul's, London.

VELVETTES FOR DRESSES, MANTLES, and jackets beautifully soft and silk-like, at 2s. 6d. the yard, usually sold at 4s. 6d.
HARVEY and CO., LAMBETH HOUSE,
Westminster-bridge, S.

RICH SILKS, MOIRÉS, &c., in dresses at £25, 6d., 31s. 6d., 40s., and 45s.; the moire at 75s. Silks Reps (plain and Chevre de Boule) at 2s. 6d., yard wide; selling everywhere at 1s. 6d.; suitable for morning or evening wear. Ladies' dress patterns.
HARVEY and CO., LAMBETH HOUSE,
Westminster-bridge, S.

FRENCH MERINOS, in all fashionable colours, at 2s. the yard, double width, not to be equalled by any other. **POURNE DE NOIRALIN**, made of soft wool, and very fine, at 2s. the yard. Also wide with Wool Segs at 1s. 6d.
HARVEY and CO., LAMBETH HOUSE,
Westminster-bridge, S.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—To Heads of Families, Schools, Public Institutions, Hotel Keepers, and the Public.

JAMES SPENCE and Co.,
76, 77 and 78, St. Paul's Churchyard,
Respectfully announce that, *previous to Stock Taking*, and in order to make room for their *Spring Purchases*, they have decided on offering, during this month, the remaining part of the *Autumn and Winter Stock* at a *Great Reduction in Price*.

Following are the principal Departments:—
Silks, FURS, WOVENS,
VELVETS, HOSIERY, MADE-UP DRESSES,
SHAWLS, GLOVES, FRENCH MERINOS,
JACKETS, RIBBONS, FANCY DRESSES,
MANTLES, TRIMMINGS, FANCY GOODS, &c.
The public are invited to take this opportunity of securing some decided bargains.
A discount allowed during the Sale on parcels over £2.
Wholesale and Retail Mercers, Drapers, &c.,
76, 77 and 78, St. Paul's Churchyard, London.

TWO DRAPERS' STOCKS FOR SALE

IMPORTERS.
We have bought by public tender from the Creditors the Stock of Mr. ARCHER, Pittfield Street, Hoxton; also, the Stock of Mr. DYER, Fulham Road, Hrompton, who is retiring from business.

These two stocks will be sold much below the original cost price, and in many instances less than one-half. We shall offer more than 20,000 yards various kinds of FANCY DRESSES, SERGES, and LINENS. Some Cheap Patterns of RICH BLACK & COLOURED SILKS, and SILK VELVETS.

MANTLE CLOTHS, SEALSKINS, FLANNELS, LINENS, LONG CLOTHS, SHEETINGS, &c.
Several Thousand HEMSTITCHED and ODD LOTS we shall clear out at NOMINAL PRICES.
HENRY GLAYE, 524 to 537, New Oxford Street, W.C.

UNDERCLOTHING FOR LADIES & CHILDREN.—The largest stock, think ever offered by any retail house of made-up Dresses, Stays, Skirts, Petticoats, Mantles and Jackets, Underclothing, Children's Frocks and Dresses, &c., &c., some portion being slightly out of condition, and will be offered to our Customers at a Large Reduction in price.
HENRY GLAYE, 524 to 537, New Oxford Street, W.C.

FIRST-CLASS CARPETS, Lowest Prices.

Price List Post Free.
Patterns can be forwarded to the Country Free.

T. VENABLE and SONS, London, E.

FIRST-CLASS SILKS. Lowest prices.

Shawls, Ready-made Linen, Wedding and India Outfits.

T. VENABLE and SONS, London, E.

FIRST-CLASS DRAPERY. Lowest prices.

Charities and Institutions supplied.
Patterns and Samples sent free.

T. VENABLE and SONS, London, E.

FIRST-CLASS MANTLES AND JACKETS.

Lowest Prices.
An Illustrated Sheet of the Newest Designs post free, with Patterns of Newest Materials.

FIRST-CLASS CABINET FURNITURE.

Price List Post Free.
T. VENABLE and SONS, 123, 105, 105, Whitehall, London, E.

New York, 1865-1867.



Gold Medal.

At the two Great Exhibitions of America, 1867, since the Paris Exposition, where it received the Highest Premium for a Family Sewing Machine.

This in the country where Sewing Machines were invented; where more are sold than in all the world besides; these honours in its own country with others hitherto awarded, at home and abroad, prove beyond cavil that it is what we claim it to be.

THE BEST FAMILY SEWING

It will shorten her toil and lengthen her life.

If any purchaser is dissatisfied with it, we will give in exchange any Sewing Machine of similar price known to the trade.

Prospectus and Samples of Work post free. Address:—

FLORENCE SEWING MACHINE COMPANY,

97, Cheapside, London; 19 & 21, Blackfriars St., Manchester; 83, Union St., Glasgow; and 8, East St., Brighton.

Agents: MAY and SILAW, Soho Bazaar (Oxford Street Entrance), London. F. BAPTIST, 30, Grafton Street, Dublin.

Paris, 1867.

Silver Medal.

"The man who sports a costly watch, or expensive jewelry, when his wife, with weary fingers and heavy heart, is wearing away her life at midnight, stitching for the children while they sleep, for the want of a Sewing Machine, is shamefully thoughtless, or worse—heartless."

MACHINE IN THE WORLD.

For your friend, your sister, or wife.

It will shorten her toil and lengthen her life.

If any purchaser is dissatisfied with it, we will give in exchange any Sewing Machine of similar price known to the trade.

Prospectus and Samples of Work post free. Address:—

FLORENCE SEWING MACHINE COMPANY,

97, Cheapside, London; 19 & 21, Blackfriars St., Manchester; 83, Union St., Glasgow; and 8, East St., Brighton.

Agents: MAY and SILAW, Soho Bazaar (Oxford Street Entrance), London. F. BAPTIST, 30, Grafton Street, Dublin.

Paris, 1867.

Silver Medal.

"The man who sports a costly watch, or expensive jewelry, when his wife, with weary fingers and heavy heart, is wearing away her life at midnight, stitching for the children while they sleep, for the want of a Sewing Machine, is shamefully thoughtless, or worse—heartless."

MACHINE IN THE WORLD.

For your friend, your sister, or wife.

It will shorten her toil and lengthen her life.

If any purchaser is dissatisfied with it, we will give in exchange any Sewing Machine of similar price known to the trade.

Prospectus and Samples of Work post free. Address:—

FLORENCE SEWING MACHINE COMPANY,

97, Cheapside, London; 19 & 21, Blackfriars St., Manchester; 83, Union St., Glasgow; and 8, East St., Brighton.

Agents: MAY and SILAW, Soho Bazaar (Oxford Street Entrance), London. F. BAPTIST, 30, Grafton Street, Dublin.

Paris, 1867.

Silver Medal.

"The man who sports a costly watch, or expensive jewelry, when his wife, with weary fingers and heavy heart, is wearing away her life at midnight, stitching for the children while they sleep, for the want of a Sewing Machine, is shamefully thoughtless, or worse—heartless."

MACHINE IN THE WORLD.

For your friend, your sister, or wife.

It will shorten her toil and lengthen her life.

If any purchaser is dissatisfied with it, we will give in exchange any Sewing Machine of similar price known to the trade.

Prospectus and Samples of Work post free. Address:—

FLORENCE SEWING MACHINE COMPANY,

97, Cheapside, London; 19 & 21, Blackfriars St., Manchester; 83, Union St., Glasgow; and 8, East St., Brighton.

Agents: MAY and SILAW, Soho Bazaar (Oxford Street Entrance), London. F. BAPTIST, 30, Grafton Street, Dublin.

Paris, 1867.

Silver Medal.

"The man who sports a costly watch, or expensive jewelry, when his wife, with weary fingers and heavy heart, is wearing away her life at midnight, stitching for the children while they sleep, for the want of a Sewing Machine, is shamefully thoughtless, or worse—heartless."

MACHINE IN THE WORLD.

For your friend, your sister, or wife.

It will shorten her toil and lengthen her life.

If any purchaser is dissatisfied with it, we will give in exchange any Sewing Machine of similar price known to the trade.

Prospectus and Samples of Work post free. Address:—

FLORENCE SEWING MACHINE COMPANY,

97, Cheapside, London; 19 & 21, Blackfriars St., Manchester; 83, Union St., Glasgow; and 8, East St., Brighton.

Agents: MAY and SILAW, Soho Bazaar (Oxford Street Entrance), London. F. BAPTIST, 30, Grafton Street, Dublin.

Paris, 1867.

Silver Medal.

"The man who sports a costly watch, or expensive jewelry, when his wife, with weary fingers and heavy heart, is wearing away her life at midnight, stitching for the children while they sleep, for the want of a Sewing Machine, is shamefully thoughtless, or worse—heartless."

MACHINE IN THE WORLD.

For your friend, your sister, or wife.

It will shorten her toil and lengthen her life.

If any purchaser is dissatisfied with it, we will give in exchange any Sewing Machine of similar price known to the trade.

Prospectus and Samples of Work post free. Address:—

FLORENCE SEWING MACHINE COMPANY,

97, Cheapside, London; 19 & 21, Blackfriars St., Manchester; 83, Union St., Glasgow; and 8, East St., Brighton.

Agents: MAY and SILAW, Soho Bazaar (Oxford Street Entrance), London. F. BAPTIST, 30, Grafton Street, Dublin.

Paris, 1867.

Silver Medal.

"The man who sports a costly watch, or expensive jewelry, when his wife, with weary fingers and heavy heart, is wearing away her life at midnight, stitching for the children while they sleep, for the want of a Sewing Machine, is shamefully thoughtless, or worse—heartless."

MACHINE IN THE WORLD.

For your friend, your sister, or wife.

It will shorten her toil and lengthen her life.

If any purchaser is dissatisfied with it, we will give in exchange any Sewing Machine of similar price known to the trade.

Prospectus and Samples of Work post free. Address:—

FLORENCE SEWING MACHINE COMPANY,

97, Cheapside, London; 19 & 21, Blackfriars St., Manchester; 83, Union St., Glasgow; and 8, East St., Brighton.

Agents: MAY and SILAW, Soho Bazaar (Oxford Street Entrance), London. F. BAPTIST, 30, Grafton Street, Dublin.

Paris, 1867.

Silver Medal.

"The man who sports a costly watch, or expensive jewelry, when his wife, with weary fingers and heavy heart, is wearing away her life at midnight, stitching for the children while they sleep, for the want of a Sewing Machine, is shamefully thoughtless, or worse—heartless."

MACHINE IN THE WORLD.

For your friend, your sister, or wife.

It will shorten her toil and lengthen her life.

If any purchaser is dissatisfied with it, we will give in exchange any Sewing Machine of similar price known to the trade.

Prospectus and Samples of Work post free. Address:—

FLORENCE SEWING MACHINE COMPANY,

97, Cheapside, London; 19 & 21, Blackfriars St., Manchester; 83, Union St., Glasgow; and 8, East St., Brighton.

Agents: MAY and SILAW, Soho Bazaar (Oxford Street Entrance), London. F. BAPTIST, 30, Grafton Street, Dublin.

Paris, 1867.

Silver Medal.

"The man who sports a costly watch, or expensive jewelry, when his wife, with weary fingers and heavy heart, is wearing away her life at midnight, stitching for the children while they sleep, for the want of a Sewing Machine, is shamefully thoughtless, or worse—heartless."

MACHINE IN THE WORLD.

For your friend, your sister, or wife.

It will shorten her toil and lengthen her life.

If any purchaser is dissatisfied with it, we will give in exchange any Sewing Machine of similar price known to the trade.

Prospectus and Samples of Work post free. Address:—

FLORENCE SEWING MACHINE COMPANY,

97, Cheapside, London; 19 & 21, Blackfriars St., Manchester; 83, Union St., Glasgow; and 8, East St., Brighton.

Agents: MAY and SILAW, Soho Bazaar (Oxford Street Entrance), London. F. BAPTIST, 30, Grafton Street, Dublin.

Paris, 1867.

Silver Medal.

"The man who sports a costly watch, or expensive jewelry, when his wife, with weary fingers and heavy heart, is wearing away her life at midnight, stitching for the children while they sleep, for the want of a Sewing Machine, is shamefully thoughtless, or worse—heartless."

MACHINE IN THE WORLD.

For your friend, your sister, or wife.

It will shorten her toil and lengthen her life.

If any purchaser is dissatisfied with it, we will give in exchange any Sewing Machine of similar price known to the trade.

Prospectus and Samples of Work post free. Address:—

FLORENCE SEWING MACHINE COMPANY,

97, Cheapside, London; 19 & 21, Blackfriars St., Manchester; 83, Union St., Glasgow; and 8, East St., Brighton.

Agents: MAY and SILAW, Soho Bazaar (Oxford Street Entrance), London. F. BAPTIST, 30, Grafton Street, Dublin.

Paris, 1867.

Silver Medal.

"The man who sports a costly watch, or expensive jewelry, when his wife, with weary fingers and heavy heart, is wearing away her life at midnight, stitching for the children while they sleep, for the want of a Sewing Machine, is shamefully thoughtless, or worse—heartless."

MACHINE IN THE WORLD.

For your friend, your sister, or wife.

It will shorten her toil and lengthen her life.

If any purchaser is dissatisfied with it, we will give in exchange any Sewing Machine of similar price known to the trade.

Prospectus and Samples of Work post free. Address:—

FLORENCE SEWING MACHINE COMPANY,

97, Cheapside, London; 19 & 21, Blackfriars St., Manchester; 83, Union St., Glasgow; and 8, East St., Brighton.

Agents: MAY and SILAW, Soho Bazaar (Oxford Street Entrance), London. F. BAPTIST, 30, Grafton Street, Dublin.

Paris, 1867.

Silver Medal.

"The man who sports a costly watch, or expensive jewelry, when his wife, with weary fingers and heavy heart, is wearing away her life at midnight, stitching for the children while they sleep, for the want of a Sewing Machine, is shamefully thoughtless, or worse—heartless."

MACHINE IN THE WORLD.

For your friend, your sister, or wife.

It will shorten her toil and lengthen her life.

If any purchaser is dissatisfied with it, we will give in exchange any Sewing Machine of similar price known to the trade.

Prospectus and Samples of Work post free. Address:—

FLORENCE SEWING MACHINE COMPANY,

97, Cheapside, London; 19 & 21, Blackfriars St., Manchester; 83, Union St., Glasgow; and 8, East St., Brighton.

Agents: MAY and SILAW, Soho Bazaar (Oxford Street Entrance), London. F. BAPTIST, 30, Grafton Street, Dublin.

Paris, 1867.

Silver Medal.

"The man who sports a costly watch, or expensive jewelry, when his wife, with weary fingers and heavy heart, is wearing away her life at midnight, stitching for the children while they sleep, for the want of a Sewing Machine, is shamefully thoughtless, or worse—heartless."

MACHINE IN THE WORLD.

For your friend, your sister, or wife.

It will shorten her toil and lengthen her life.

If any purchaser is dissatisfied with it, we will give in exchange any Sewing Machine of similar price known to the trade.

Prospectus and Samples of Work post free. Address:—

FLORENCE SEWING MACHINE COMPANY,

97, Cheapside, London; 19 & 21, Blackfriars St., Manchester; 83, Union St., Glasgow; and 8, East St., Brighton.

Agents: MAY and SILAW, Soho Bazaar (Oxford Street Entrance), London. F. BAPTIST, 30, Grafton Street, Dublin.

Paris, 1867.

Silver Medal.

"The man who sports a costly watch, or expensive jewelry, when his wife, with weary fingers and heavy heart, is wearing away her life at midnight, stitching for the children while they sleep, for the want of a Sewing Machine, is shamefully thoughtless, or worse—heartless."

MACHINE IN THE WORLD.

For your friend, your sister, or wife.

It will shorten her toil and lengthen her life.

If any purchaser is dissatisfied with it, we will give in exchange any Sewing Machine of similar price known to the trade.

Prospectus and Samples of Work post free. Address:—

FLORENCE SEWING MACHINE COMPANY,

97, Cheapside, London; 19 & 21, Blackfriars St., Manchester; 83, Union St., Glasgow; and 8, East St., Brighton.

Agents: MAY and SILAW, Soho Bazaar (Oxford Street Entrance), London. F. BAPTIST, 30, Grafton Street, Dublin.

Paris, 1867.

Silver Medal.

"The man who sports a costly watch, or expensive jewelry, when his wife, with weary fingers and heavy heart, is wearing away her life at midnight, stitching for the children while they sleep, for the want of a Sewing Machine, is shamefully thoughtless, or worse—heartless."

MACHINE IN THE WORLD.

For your friend, your sister, or wife.

It will shorten her toil and lengthen